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The Seed

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LET'S CALL THIS ONE
"OPERATION U.S.A. ALL THE WAY"

CHICAGO VOL 5 NO 9 350

48

MEMORANDUM

CONFIDENTIALpage 2 of 4 pages
11 March 1970THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

and the Rand team agree that a judicious leak of a general nature concerning segment alpha of their study for the C/E, that relative to holding no national elections in '72, to the media (selected, of course) at the right time to test the water so to speak is a vital step in the eventuation of their scheme. However, under no, repeat no, circumstances is any information regarding segment beta of their study, the Bill of Rights repeal, to be made public.

New Developments:

A- Let's call this one "Operation U.S.A. All The Way."
We've spoken to some of our key contacts in labor and broadly hinted (without any definite promise although I believe that we will have to deliver eventually) that the administration will back protectionism, repudiate the substance of the Kennedy Rounds and give serious consideration to backing legislation on a number of issues they consider crucial. You will be glad to hear that Mitchell's plan of selective funding for certain types of public works construction by geographical area and political advantage has been noted and is beginning to pay dividends.

What we have proposed and they have substantially accepted is as follows:

* In late April or early May a series of "spontaneous" demonstrations by labor groups publicizing their support of this administration's Indo-China policies and their discontinuance of any silent indulgence of the excesses of peace groups will take place in the target cities of New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, and Seattle.

* In New York, Vic Borella is coordinating. He assures us that one auxilliary result of the spontaneous confrontations of Brennan's people with the "longhairs" will be the embarrassment of the Lindsay administration (a development his boss will view with pleasure). Please note that in each aforespecified instance a peace-oriented Democratic municipal administration will be embarrassed by the demonstrations. Details on this aspect to follow on.

* Borella is working closely with the New York field office, reporting to our specialist, O'Neill.

* On the question of funds, no commitment has been made. Waterman has assured us that we can tap into Rufus Taylor's un-audited "internal security" fund for this operation for whatever we feel

CONFIDENTIAL

August, 1970... Volume 5 Number 9 of the Chicago Seed... "indeed we live in troubled times..." The events -the daily noose-become a mosaic-a backdrop to a larger drama... Huey Newton is back out on the streets ("It just means moving from a maximum to a minimum security jail" he says) but Lonnie McLucas goes on trial in New Haven for murder... "Manson Guilty, Nixon Declares" is the headline on an L.A. paper (the L.A. Free Press comes up with the expected "Nixon Guilty, Manson Declares")... There was no Seed benefit because the electricity for the hall blew out ("no power to the people" one staff member jests)... Grant Park-thousands of black and white kids join together to fight the pigs-the next day The Debate begins... The parade of political prisoners to the hoosegow grows and grows-Cha Cha, the Minnesota 3, the Milwaukee 3, Peoria 4... Carl Hampton, murdered in Houston... Heavier and heavier and we come to realize that it is not a game-people are getting messed over, the empire is crumbling, the colonies are in rebellion, the rulers are scared and they are coming for us too... "he who laughs has not yet heard the terrible tidings..." We are beginning to

see and understand-and it is both very difficult and very urgent to act-to find real alternatives and bring them to fruition. Real alternatives-not a slogan or a cathword (altho those are sometimes useful and helpful), not a Grand Design-but something that relates to people-you and me-real people and how we live A year ago, two years ago, three years ago-it was too easy to play games-too easy to come up with simple answers-but the hour is getting late... it is time to start defining phenomena instead of letting phenomena define us... it is time to start getting "serious" in the best meaning of that term... This issue of the Seed (2551 N. Halsted, 929-0133 or 34) is a small attempt to do that... What more can we say?

Among those who worked on this issue are: Abe, Peter Lynda, Eliot, Bernie, David, Rebecca, Maralee, Dick, FRED (welcome), Mike Gold, Dave Moberg, the family, Paul, Dana, Lois, Notes From The Second Year, Penny, LNS, Quicksilver Times, Robbie, Jerry Applebaum, Eric, Marla, Neil, Krug, Irv, Robin, Monterey Jack, Scanlan's, R. Timothy, Bob and Judy, Meredith Tax, IWW, Tav, Donovan, Colin, Mr. Jeffs, Alices, The More Dope.

Shower and Fresh Fruit Collective of the Youth International Party, Radio Free Chicago, Les and Blue MD.

Our Job-like situation continues. The Seed Benefit met with a series of misnaps-as mentioned above, the lights and electricity blew out the first night, we tried to run a line in from next door but the cops closed us down for "breaking fire regulations." Result: a net loss instead of the money we need. We'll be trying again real soon--watch this space for time and place.

We'll be moving around the end of August-start of September to bigger offices. Please call if you can help us.

We still need all kinds of office supplies and all kinds of money. Most of all, we need advice, articles, poetry, music, encouragement and love. Lots of revolutionary good karma to those who sent all of the above, and to anybody who can provide FM radios, a stereo, a TV, a typewriter, a tape recorder, and some fonts for a headliner to replace the booty of yet another exciting commune ripoff.

See you soon--keep on trucking!

Next issue: risk supplement. Eric's blue column trashed out for lack of space, and on pump revolutionary pump.

Free City Forum

More than 50 people, representing many of the organizations listed in the Free City Directory, gathered at the Wobbly Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln Avenue August 3rd for the first in a series of bi-weekly community meetings. The meetings, initiated by the Seed, are designed to provide a means of better communications and coordination between organizations and individuals struggling to create a free Chicago.

Among the common problems discussed at the first meeting were: the need for a telephone chain in emergencies, a bail fund, Free City Music, relating to the Indian Village at Waveland and Seminary near Cubs Park and people's criticisms of the Seed.

Since Police cars were overturned and stoned in Grant Park during what was to be the free Sly concert, outdoor amplified rock music has been for all practical purposes illegal in Chicago. There is still a permit in existence for free music in Lincoln Park, but the cops just won't let it happen. The day before the meeting, it was related, police threatened to confiscate sound equipment being brought into Lincoln Park to amplify folk music for an IWW picnic. Members of Free City Music said they were going to consult with the lawyer who had secured the permit about possible legal action.

The Indian Village, it was reported, is facing increasing harassment both from the cops and from the owner of an adjacent parking lot: -- and needs more help from community organizations and people. Housing that is decent, safe and inexpensive is one of the major concerns of all people in Chicago -- but particularly Third World peoples who normally have fewer options as to where they can live. The Indian Village was created in an attempt to bring attention to this concern. Anyone who can offer money or supplies should bring them down.

The busts at the Indian Village -- which occurred several times while they were attempting to dedicate a ceremonial drum -- brought up the idea of a telephone chain and a bail fund. A committee was formed to draw up a plan for a telephone tree to enable the organizations to swiftly inform large numbers of people of any crisis situation that might occur and get people together on short notice. One brother reported that in another city a similar set-up had enabled them to get 200 people out to protest a big bust within an hour after it happened.

People at the meeting criticised the Seed for lacking a sense of direction, for being too closed off and at times elitist, and for failing to provide readers with a set of alternatives. It was suggested that the Seed needed more muckraking -- articles about who runs the city -- articles appealing to straight people and more news of what's actually going on in the neighborhoods.

The next open community meeting will be Monday, August 17 at 7:30 -- once again at the IWW Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln. A Free Chicago is still by-and-large a dream -- but it's starting to grow in embryo -- come to the meeting, find out what your sisters and brothers are doing and thinking -- and let us know what's on your mind.

--borgidibork

Free City Music

Free City Music is suing the Park District in Federal Court for the right to have community music at the Lincoln Park Public Forum. It turned out that the Sunday concerts were snuffed because of their success: the Park District fears large gatherings of young people on liberated turf and the man who runs the fieldhouse has been freaking out over parking and congestion problems. The bosses are a job for our lawyer, but members of Free City Music have volunteered to meet with the guy at the site to insure that things are mellow when the power comes back in.

The lawsuit will be filed in Federal Court around the time this issue hits the street, and lawyer B. Ruml II is confident that the Park District is a loser. Someone

close to Free City Music was heard to say: "They don't outlaw soccer or hockey when there's a riot, and some of those people carry pieces to the game."

Al Goldbert of Euphoria Blimp Works, the collective that provides sound equipment for the sets, asks everyone to bring acoustic instruments to the park this Sunday, August 16th, in the early afternoon for a mass get-together to show that the spirit of the people can overcome the Man's permits. Last week there was a killer jam featuring conga drums, vibes and saxophone that shook the walls of the eighteenth district stationhouse. Ten times as many instruments might shake the walls of the city.

-Ludwig von Nudnik

Free City?

In a year and a half of active work on the streets of the northside Puerto Rican community, marching in and out of the boring committee rooms of government bureaucrats, and providing food, health care and support from their own resources to give the people what they need and show them the failure of American capitalist society, the Young Lords and their purple berets have been visible, productive revolutionaries. That visibility has sparked a political militancy among young Puerto Ricans who might have turned their frustrations to futile gangbanging without the Young Lord model. But it has also made the Lords, particularly Cha Cha Jimenez, a prime target for the protectors of property and poverty, the police.

Wherever the Young Lords go, the police try to follow, picking off a member whenever they can with any handy charge. Even a bum rap takes up bail money and time that could be spent organizing. A whole string of cases, even if they're all phony, creates a justification in the minds of lawnmorder zealots for more police crackdowns on the Lords--precisely what the pigs, the businessmen and the Daley politicians want.

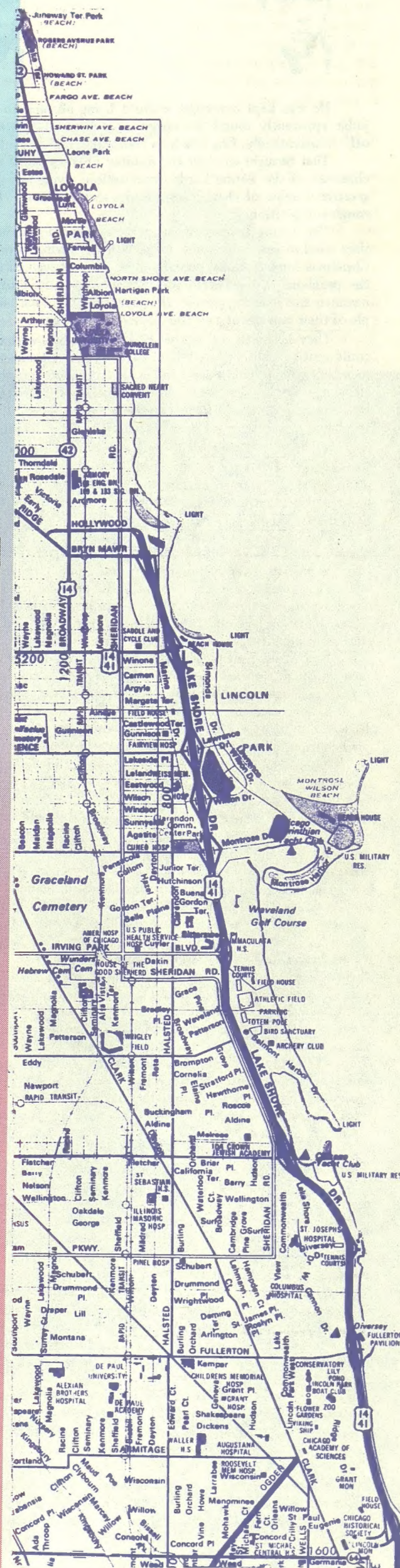
On July 30 Cha Cha was sentenced to spend a year in jail for supposedly stealing \$28 worth of lumber from a construction site. Never mind that the construction company representative wasn't sure the lumber the police produced was his. Never mind that the alleged offense itself was "as petty as stealing gravel from a gravel pit," as defense attorney Frank Oliver said. The theft charge against Cha Cha and Carlton Draper, 46, stuck, even though a felonious burglary count was dropped.

One day after the trial the police struck again. Cha Cha and some other Lords were standing on a streetcorner rapping with some of the Latin Kings. A couple years ago they might have been fighting. Now the Kings are also beginning to move politically and have opened a free medical center, too. A cop came up and yelled for someone to come to the car. "I told him, just laughing, 'Who me?' Then he said, 'Yeah, you.' He told me to get in the back seat. So then he goes over to where I was standing, which was like a doorway and he goes with his flashlight like he's looking for something. The guys saw him take a knife out of his pocket and throw it on the ground. He showed it to me and said, 'What's this?' I asked another guy if it was his knife, cause I don't carry no knife. He said it wasn't his."

His friends posted \$100 bail and Cha Cha was out, charged with "unlawful use of weapons."

You might think the police had made their point, although they should have learned by now that the Young Lords aren't scared off easily. But Monday afternoon Cha Cha was driving along Division with Daniel Rodriguez, another Lord, when a two-man pig team pulled them over to the curb and told them to put their hands up. Hands up? On a traffic stop? But it wasn't just a traffic stop.

"We put our hands up against the wall, Cha Cha said. "One guy held us against the wall and the other guy searched the car. We were watching them. They didn't find anything there." The police called another car to take the two Lords to the station, then walked into the pig sty later and tossed a package on the table; a small quantity of marijuana, supposedly found under the front seat (after no witnesses to the search remained). They asked who it belonged to. "I don't know," Cha Cha said. "It probably belongs to you." The cop hit him, but got the same answer. Cha Cha was booked for possession, Rodriguez for disorderly conduct. Just to give a semblance of legality to the highly illegal search, Cha Cha was also ticketed for a "noisy muffler."



CONTINUED ON P.4

COME SEE ABOUT
CHA CHACOME SEE ABOUT
CHA CHACOME SEE ABOUT
CHA CHA

He was kept overnight without being allowed to make a phone call or have bail set. The next morning even the judge apparently found the police story hard to believe. "Is that all you could book him on?" he asked the arresting officer sarcastically, Cha Cha later recounted, and set bail at \$50 cash, the lowest Cha Cha has had.

That brought to eight the number of cases (some with multiple charges) pending against Jose Jimenez, 21, founding chairman of the Young Lords Organization, giving him the unsought distinction of being the political persecutee with the greatest number of charges against him in the country, according to his attorney Dennis Cunningham. And that's against rough competition.

The Young Lords first got going as a street gang in 1959, but in 1968 Cha Cha started reorganizing the group. Now they tried to serve the community, not only giving dances but throwing a community picnic, doing drug education, giving Christmas food to really poor families. They began to feel that that wasn't a sufficient effort to get at the foundation of the problems in the Puerto Rican community—the profound clash of interests between the rich and the poor, the businessmen and working people, the government and dark-skinned minorities. Black people were on the move and the example of their movement gave the Young Lords ideas.

They began to realize that realty companies were trying to force Puerto Ricans out of the Lincoln Park area so they could rent to rich Anglos. When they went to the meeting of the all-white Community Conservation Council, the board members got uptight at seeing all these Latin people in their meeting and said they suddenly didn't have a quorum. "It was all white, middle class people in there making the decisions on which houses go down and who gets the property," Cha Cha said. "We went in there because we were pissed off at getting pushed out of the community." Some of the 50 or 60 community protesters got more pissed off at the CCC and tossed some chairs around.

A few days later the pigs dug up some old warrants and busted Cha Cha. Later that month Cha Cha went with a friend to demand some action from the Wicker Park welfare office. When the welfare office started to close, the director pushed some women around to save an official Cook County coffee pot that had fallen on the floor. "Push me, mother-fucker," Cha Cha told him. Police came, booked him on aggravated battery, then charged him with mob action in the CCC meeting incident.

The pattern became clear: harass the Lords, especially Cha Cha, wherever they go. The Daley machine and the corporation, local business and property owner interests he represents had given the word to smash this political challenge from the Puerto Rican community by continual "criminal" charges.

The police and newspapers never let anyone forget the Young Lords had once been a gang. That way all the phony charges just might seem plausible to people who had no idea how the police work in a very political (right-wing) way. "They had that planned from the beginning," Cha Cha said. "We were a street gang once upon a time and that's what they want people to believe. . . Every single time they find me guilty, they use that old record to give me a hard time."

Now a group of racist businessmen is pulling the same trick with Uptight. "Uptight is an organization of businessmen designed to attack the Young Lords," Cha Cha explained. "Some of the CCC are on that. McCutcheon (the alderman) is real tight with them. All of them are white, middle class and they say they're afraid of the Young Lords, but they don't know what this place used to be like. It used to be that people were afraid to come out. But blacks and Puerto Ricans who've lived here a long time know how things have changed for the better." There's another report that new plainclothes pigs, possibly FBI, have set up headquarters in the neighborhood.

Besides the two latest cases and the CCC and welfare office cases, Cha Cha has at least two dope charges and a charge of resisting arrest coming up. Cha Cha "resisted" when a pig attacked several Lords who were working on the People's Park. That bust of six Lords came conveniently (for the police) a few days before the march through the northside to commemorate the death of Manuel Ramos at the hands of an off-duty cop one year earlier.

Fifty to sixty busts have come down against the YLO in 18 months, and several members are in jail. "Plus they're vamping on anybody in the neighborhood," Cha Cha said. "They pick people up and say, 'Are you one of Cha Cha's boys? What do you think of the Young Lords?'"

Cha Cha finally quit the Young Lords in the middle of July, even though he still works with them. Although it was a setback for the YLO to lose their most seasoned leader, it will give a chance for new leaders to come forward. "It'll make us get off our asses," one Lord said. "We were relying on him too much."

"I couldn't be chairman and be in court four days a week and only be in the office one day," Cha Cha explained as he sat in the Law Office after his most recent bust. "The police probably don't even expect to find me guilty on any of these charges, but they keep taking money from the Lords and they keep us inactive. I can't do any organizing or anything I want to do." At the station the last time he was arrested, "the pigs called me in and asked if I'd trick on the Movement, give them some information. I told them as soon as they sat me down and gave me a cigaret, I said, 'Fifth Amendment.' Then they said we'll just talk about anything, and I said, 'Fifth and Fourteenth Amendment.' They offered to cut me loose but I'm not that stupid. They couldn't cut me loose and I wouldn't tell them a motherfucking thing."

The string of arrests made it difficult for the Young Lords to put out their newspaper and to extend their organization across the country to other Latin communities. But a chapter did get going in New York. This spring the New York group broke off, not over any political differences, but because they wanted the central committee to be located in New York, to publish a paper regularly (they now put out Palante) and create a strong, disciplined group which would develop a political platform.

The Chicago Lords accepted many of the criticisms, although after the split they said that the New York group's "educational emphasis was on the ideological level. Our emphasis is on street struggle."

Cha Cha thought "it was stupid, unnecessary" to split. "They're going to find themselves in the same situation we are later on. Right now they're going high. They split because we weren't getting the paper out on time and weren't operating at a high political level. How could we do that with the pigs attacking us all the time?"

The New York Lords, called the Young Lords Party, are rapidly getting into the same situation. The Mafia has a \$20,000 "contract" out to murder Chairman Felipe Luciano, possibly in retaliation for the party's drive against heroin dealers. In June several Lords and other people of the East Harlem barrio were brutally beaten when the police broke up a peaceful rally at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx where they were protesting poor health care for the community and oppressive wages and working conditions for the non-professional staff, most of whom are black and Puerto Rican.

Cha Cha hopes the groups will get back together. Meanwhile the Dr. Ramon Emeterio Betances health clinic runs on. Free breakfasts will start up again. New programs are being planned. Bread's needed for the legal fight, but "the main thing is to expose it, to let people know what's going on," Cha Cha said. If he goes to jail, "When I come back, I'll be doing something."

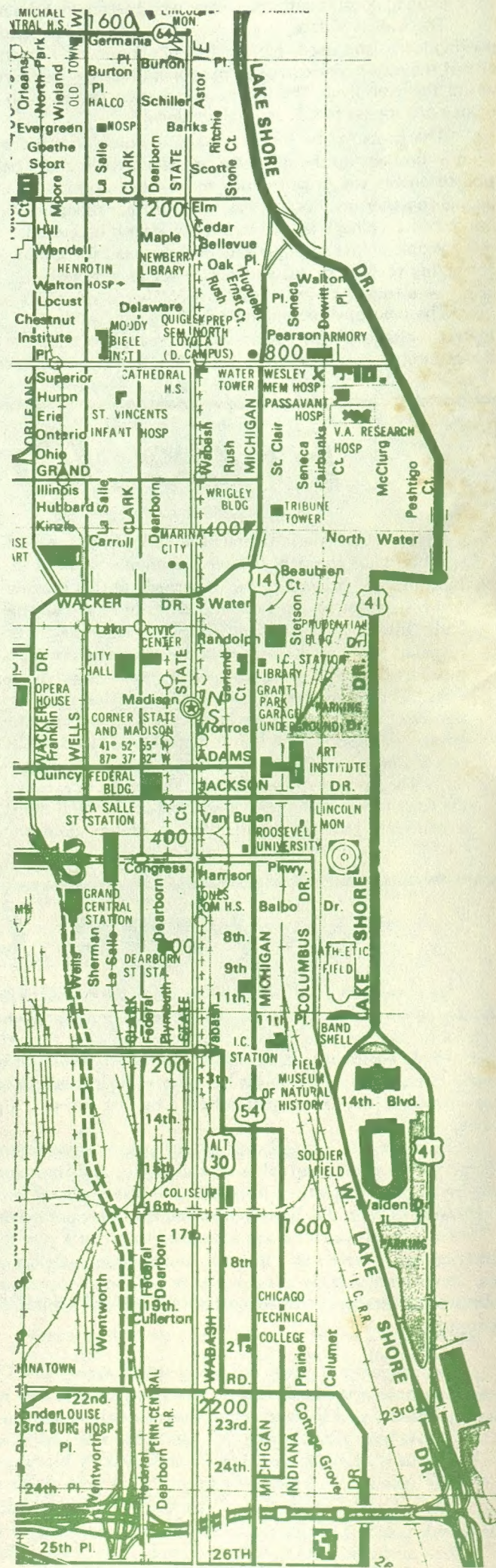
"We're working on these projects to expose the system. Any project is good as long as it exposes the system. I guess it looks kind of gray for a while. I think things are going to change. I don't think the movement's going to fall apart. I've seen twelve or thirteen year old kids talking about 'off the pig' and 'revolution.' When I got into the movement, I was pretty young, but it's even more than that way now."

When Cha Cha left YLO there was a message to the people. The last part reads: "Cha Cha will be in jail next week. But this capitalist system has resulted in nothing. The problems which move Cha Cha are still in the neighborhood: bad education, abominable living conditions, urban removal, etc. Other Cha Chas will mobilize themselves for positions of leadership and we, the 'Young Lords' are considering a warning to the politicians in our neighborhoods and to the institutions which oppress our people...the fight has only started and we won't allow the work of Cha Cha to be in vain...Cha Cha is still a Young Lord."

Cha Cha was due to surrender himself in court and begin a one-year jail sentence Tuesday morning, August 11th. By 11:30 that morning, when he still had not appeared, a group of Cha Cha's supporters were told that he had vanished.

A Young Lords' press release issued the next day said that Cha Cha had been kidnapped by persons with an intelligence system good enough to know where he had been staying. The person with whom Cha Cha had been crashing was beaten the night of the incident, and the Lords' are accusing the Chicago Police Department of both the beating and the snatching. Hopefully, this story is not true and Cha Cha merely has gone underground.

David Moberg



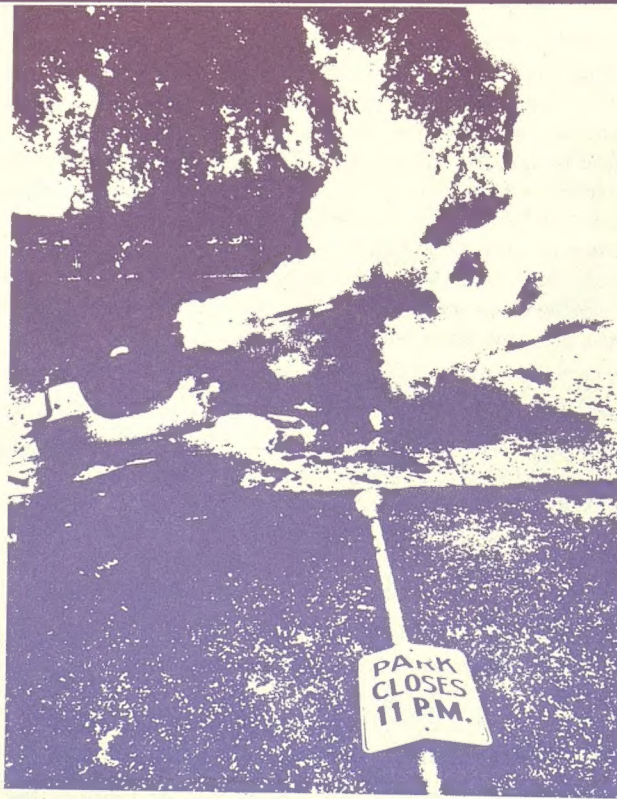
Family Stones and Bottles

There we are at Grant Park — an hour late and no music yet? As we enter the bandshell area, we meet a friend who tells us that the audience has just rushed the stage, and that Sly won't play until the stage is cleared. Within two minutes, we hear another story — Sly ain't gonna show. Everyone's tense: anticipating — something's gonna happen; something's GOT to give.

Some people in the audience begin heaving their empty bottles at the people on the stage, perhaps in the belief that they are responsible for Sly's absence. The stage-sitters return the fire, and as some of the bottles from the back of the crowd fall short and hit the front people, the exchange becomes momentarily intense, with glass shattering on all sides.

Enter the police. With a ham-handedness born of insensitivity, they march into the crowd, and when their provokes wine-bottle volleys, they hurl a tear-gas canister. Hundreds flee to the open field behind the bandshell, to be confronted by a ragged line of scared-looking police. The crowd that waited, impatient in the burning/heat, has been mobilized from frustration to anger, and the sight of a police line seems to infuriate them. Every time the line advances, it's met with a hail of debris. Then, suddenly, 30 people are rocking one of the familiar-ugly squad cars...it rolls over on its side like a beached whale. All the while, little teams of plainclothes pigs are ripping off individuals who wander too close to their positions on the perimeter, always managing to twist an arm, bounce a head on the ground, and thud a torso on the steel floor of the squadrol. Again and again, police are driven back by the volleys of missiles, until the crowd, inching forward, reaches the upturned car and heaves it over on its back.

At this point it strikes me that, since the first canister, the police have used no teargas — it seems that the wind is blowing the wrong way for maskless pigs to use chemical warfare. Without warning, the police, tired of being sitting ducks (pigs?), charge headlong into the crowd, clubs swinging. The crowd retreats across the field



and doesn't stop until it's been forced a full block north. There the two sides face off, a reinforced line of grim-faced cops on the south side of Balbo, angry blacks and freaks on the north. This year though, the battle isn't over; the retreat is merely tactical. Regrouped and re-armed with sticks and rocks from the rose garden, the kids begin the barrage anew. Every few minutes, a cop hobbles away, grimacing in pain. Occasionally, one is knocked flat. Meanwhile, the front line of the street-fighters has taken over Balbo Drive; a passing squadrol

is stoned and the street is soon cleared. A private car parked on the north side of the street is set afire, and, in a bold stroke, the vanguard crosses to the south side and overturns an unmarked patrol car directly under the noses of the outnumbered Guardians. Soon, it too is afire.

The energy level of the crowd has changed since the initial confrontation. Spur-of-the-moment rage has given way to controlled fury, and as a result, the attack is brilliantly executed. Every time the police move forward, the crowd scatters and regroups, to begin the artillery barrage from a new direction.

The scatter-and-regroup pattern is broken when the police suddenly retreat down the slope. The mob, sucked into the empty space begins to spill into Balbo Drive, to be met with a totally unexpected burst of gunfire from the police .38's. Hundreds flee, jumping fences, hitting the dirt, running and crawling out of range. Several do not rise when the shooting stops. Although the gunfire probably lasts for 30 seconds or so, it seems like eternity, lying on your face in the sudden deathly stillness. As people begin filtering back to care

"FIFTEEN YARDS FOR CLIPPING"

"Lay, Elrod, Lay. Lay on your bed awhile.
Play, Elrod, Play. Play with your toes awhile."

Ted Gold — Weatherman Songbook

Last October 11th Richard J. Elrod, Assistant Corporation Counsel of Chicago and a former Northwestern football star, tried to move into the major leagues by attempting a flying tackle on Weatherman Brian Flanagan. He got Brian, but in the process also got his neck broken. Elrod is now paralyzed from the neck down and it looks as if his football-playing days are over forever. What a tragedy!

This is Amerika, though, the land of opportunity where even the disabled are able to find a place in society. Elrod is filling his new hole in society by crawling for Sheriff of Cook County. The primary vehicles in his campaign are a wheel chair and the trial of Brian Flanagan.

Brian's trial started Monday, August 10, in the court of Judge Saul A. Epton, reputedly the most "liberal" jurist in Pig City. Epton is so liberal, apparently, that he has entered into a gentlemen's agreement with Daley, State's Attorney Hanrahan and Elrod to get the latter elected by railroading Brian into prison for aggravated assault, mob action and resisting arrest.

On the way to the courthouse we had planned to make the day a little interesting by singing a few choruses of "Lay Elrod, Lay." When we arrived, however, cold reason and fear prevailed. It was obvious that this wasn't a Berkeley or Los Angeles courtroom where a little theatre is occasionally possible. Upon entering the courtroom Judge Epton's eyes fixed on mine and didn't leave for a full thirty seconds when we had found our seats. I got the distinct feeling that he disapproved of us. What were we up to? I mean, Brian was wearing short hair and a suit; we were dressed in long hair, cut-off Levis and smiles. SMILES?! Obviously we were insane anarcho-nihilists with no respect for the laws, or what is worse, the courts.

Fortunately, our presence didn't slow down the wheels of justice and State's Attorney/jock Benerek was able to make his opening statement to the jury. With a great deal of authority and righteous indignation he told them of how the City of Chicago had granted a parade permit to the Weathermachine for their Days of Rage protest. As it turned out, though, Chicago had been betrayed. The Weatherpeople didn't want to protest; they were "...there to bring the war home to the streets of Chicago and to kill pigs."

Benerek began to get eloquent. "At Jackson (street) you will see a battlefield appear before your eyes. You will see innocent pedestrians trampled by this wild, raging mob. You will see policemen being beaten." Right On! "You will see policemen arresting people and using

force."

Then Benerek went into his campaign speech, real pathos. "And you will see, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Your Honor, Richard J. Elrod, Assistant Corporation Counsel of Chicago and a State Representative. Richard J. Elrod, a man who is getting involved." He didn't say anything about him running for Sheriff. He didn't have to. The jury was nodding its collective head in appreciation.

Elrod was on the scene, Benerek continued, "...to advise the police. But also to protect the Constitution—the Constitutional rights of these demonstrators, THIS MOB!"

Then Benerek got to the part of the story he really likes, the blood and guts. He told the jury of how there was total warfare in the streets, buildings getting trashed and pigs beaten with lead pipes. It was almost too much for Machoman Elrod to bear without joining in the fun. When he saw Brian running away from the pigs he joined the chase.

The next image Benerek flashed for the jury was of Elrod pouring on the speed and launching into an admittedly graceful flying tackle of Brian. Both sides agree on this. Unfortunately, the pig version of the story became somewhat creative when Benerek told the jury that Brian kicked Elrod in the back of the head with his "two-pound boots." Just how it is possible for a man whose back it turned to kick another man, who has a stranglehold on his feet, in the back of the head and neck, is not altogether clear.

What Benerek said next ended the need for any further trial proceedings. "Ladies and gentlemen, you will see Mr. Elrod lying on the ground paralyzed from his neck down, a quadriplegic. You will hear Mr. Elrod say, 'God, somebody help me to my feet. I want to walk away like a man!'" The jury was devastated. I half-expected the judge to call a recess so the jurors could dry their eyes.

Benerek's was a hard act to follow, so defense attorney Warren Wolfson only took about five minutes for his opening statement. The gist of it was that when Elrod tackled Brian he sustained the injury, and that, in fact, Brian never kicked the pig. The defense will be able to show this, he said, by the testimony of at least five witnesses, all of whom are straight.

With Wolfson's opening statement completed Benerek put his first witness on the stand: Officer Maurice Dailey of the Subversives Section of the Intelligence Division of the Chicago Police Department of the American Death Machine.

Q. How do you determine what is subversive, Officer?

A. Through designation of the Attorney General,

the FBI, HUAC or by self-admission.

Q. What is your specific assignment, Officer?

A. I'm assigned to the three factions of the Students for a Democratic Society. . .

Wolfson: Objection, Your Honor, the Students for a Democratic Society are not on trial here.

The Court: Overruled.

Benerek went on to produce several pictures of the October action for Dailey to examine. In each picture he asked Dailey to identify by name the people he recognized. With each such identification he asked him "Can you tell me, sir, what group or organization, if any, this person you have identified belongs to?"

Each time Dailey answered "The Weatherman faction of the Students for a Democratic Society, sir." Each time this happened (eleven altogether) Wolfson jumped up to object that the line of questioning was irrelevant because the other people identified were not on trial, not was SDS/Weatherman. The judge overruled each objection. He obviously has a better understanding of just who and what is on trial than Wolfson.

Q. Were any of these people carrying flags or banners?

A. Yes, sir. Someone was carrying a black flag with a hammer and sickle on it, but I'm not sure what it was supposed to mean.

At this point I couldn't help but smile—in fact, I almost laughed, but the judge was staring at me again. The significance of that stare became apparent a few minutes later, after he had excused the jury for the lunch recess.

He called Brian and all the lawyers up to the bench to tell them that there were "certain people in the audience who were talking and laughing and that furthermore if it happened again these people would be "summarily ejected from the courtroom" We were standing in the middle of the aisle and he was again staring at us. Then he freaked out. "I FIND NOTHING HUMOROUS ABOUT REFERENCES TO A BLACK FLAG AND A HAMMER AND SICKLE, CASE DISMISSED!" Right on! He recovered, though, "...THAT IS, UH, COURT ADJOURNED."

The trial had only just begun, but in spite of any evidence to the contrary, the jury will find Brian guilty. That verdict will not come from any facts, but simply from the nature of a pig system.

If and when the jury finds Brian guilty it is rumored that the Weathermachine will exact its revenge.

— Jerry Applebaum

— Jerry Applebaum visited the County Courthouse while on leave from the Berkeley Tribe. He is one of three people convicted on charges of "receiving stolen property" in connection with the L.A. Free Press publishing a list of California State Narcotics Agents.

FREE CITY

INFORMATION CENTRAL is a new community news service combining the resources of the Seed, Free City Exchange, Planet Nose, Free City News, Radio Free Chicago, Channel 44, and anyone else, individual or group that wants to contribute news. We need news of the Chicago community, stuff that the straight press doesn't carry, things like harrassments, busts, notices of benefits, concerts, demonstrations, meetings, new organizations, and what have you been doing lately? Groups and organizations not listed in the Free City Directory should contact the Seed, we'll put you in, also get ahold of us for any changes or fuck-ups in the listings. The Seed's Calendar section needs more listings. Free City Exchange needs information to exchange. Radio Free Chicago needs news to broadcast. Free City News is trying to get together enough to put out two issues a week, if you can help the do it call 787-1962 and ask for Rita or Jeff. Call Elliot, Lynda or Dick at the Seed, or Mike and Paul at Planet Nose and Radio Free Chicago, 273-3330 (after midnite of course). Use the media while it's still aboveground and accessible. The day is gonna come when the Seed gets put out of a basement on a hand-cranked mimeo and the radio stations broadcast nothing but Agnew speeches and zither music. If you don't have any news to report - why not go out and make some?? Agent provocateurs, informers, FBI creeps and other assorted chumps need not apply.

FREE CITY EXCHANGE is the Chicago Community switchboard. Anything you need to fuck the system, stay alive, make the revolution, or be just a little bit happier may be available from someone they know. Call 281-7197 or stop in at 2261 N. Lincoln. They need money for phone bills and rent, and volunteers to answer phones so the service can be expanded to 24 hours a day. 281-7197 281-7197 281-7197 281-7197

FREE CITY CLOTHING is now at Concerned Citizens Survival Front, 2512 North Lincoln, and the Free City Exchange, 2261 N. Lincoln. If you need it, come and get it. If you got it, go and give it.

FREE CITY MUSIC is currently being run by Euphoria Blimp Works to provide free music for our community. They can't do it alone, if you can help in any way call them at 368-0140. If you are a band and want to play some gigs for the people, give them a call right away.

FREE CITY FOOD is into supplying free feeds for the community at our festivals and events. They need your help to continue, so give them a call at the Free City exchange. Donations of money, time, and food are most welcome.

FREE CITY NEWS is now coming out as a twice-weekly community street sheet. If you have some news or some announcements of interest to the community, call them at 787-1962, or get the info to Information Central at the Seed. They need lots of paper, money, people, and maybe a Gestetner mimeo or two.

FREE CITY ANIMALS is at the Wilkie Pet Shop, right up the street from the Seed. They have lots of free dogs and cats. Call 281-0461.

FREE CITY AIRWAVES is:

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is on WEAU, 105FM every day from midnight to 5AM. A whole lot of good music, the Yesterday's News Today, feature news coverage, and general insanity 7 nights a week.

DO IT NEWS on WGLD (102.7FM) every Monday through Saturday at 11AM. John Ryan gives the latest news and listings of current happenings in our community. Good music too.

TRIAD is on WXXM, 105.9, from 8pm to midnite Monday thru Friday with music and news. Listen.

UNDERGROUND NEWS on Channel 44, Monday thru Saturday, 11:50 to midnight. Get the news about your brothers and sisters on the tube while listening to music by Triad. Call Linda at 929-1200, 430 W. Grant Pl.

CONCERNED CITIZENS SURVIVAL FRONT is a leader in the struggles around urban removal, racism, adequate medical care, decent food and clothing programs, and the overall needs of poor and oppressed people in the Lincoln Park area. Give them a call at 348-6842 or come by at 2512 North Lincoln Ave.

FREE CITY DOPE still hasn't happened. Why not?

FREE CITY PHOTOGRAPHY will develop and print black and white and color for free. They could use some equipment. Call 446-6509, 835-3799 or GR5-9193.

LADO - The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community of the Near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the welfare union, LADO is organizing around the problems of workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Call 276-0909 or go by the office at 2353 West North Avenue.

THE PEORIA FOUR DEFENSE COMMITTEE has been set up to defend four Chicagoans accused of busting up a draft board in Peoria. Ransom of \$10,000 each was set, and the judge refused to let the defendants loose on the usual 10% of bond. So, money is really needed in this case. If you can spare some, send it to 2754 North Hampton Court, or call 667-8320. They need office equipment and supplies, and some good volunteer help.

THE WHITE PANTHER PARTY is an organization in the white hip community parallel to the Black Panther Party. They put out Free City News, distribute Sun/Dance, and offer free classes in political education and self defense. Call 787-1962 for more information.

RISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak throughout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs and try to get the people together to fight the real enemy, have a womens group, and help brothers and sisters who are harassed and busted. Box 3746 Merchandise Mart, or call 472-1791.

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER of the **BLACK PANTHER PARTY** publishes a community bulletin, operates seven community centers, three breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment, office supplies, mimeos, paper, and cars. The office is at 2360 W. Madison, call 243-8276 for more information.

THE YOUNG LORDS ORGANIZATION fights for the right of Puerto Ricans to exist in decent conditions, as well as for a free Puerto Rico. They have been the target for heavy police harrassment and are in desperate need of bail money and money for legal expenses. Call 549-8505. 834 W. Armitage.

NORTH SIDE CO-OPERATIVE MINISTRY is involved in too many programs to list here: they are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantrys and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got or you got what they need. Come to 2507 North Greenview.

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity of gay people with other oppressed peoples.

North Side - Loyola/DePaul 935-0148
South Side - Univ of Chicago 324-5478
Circle Campus 363-7630
Northwestern U/N suburbs 338-9241

Women's Caucus -- south 324-5478
-- north 642-7476
D. O. B. 869-9075
Mattachine 334-2244

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. For more information call 248-9622 or 477-9771.

PEOPLES' SCHOOL is operating on two fronts - survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student-developed curricula leading to projects - ranging from academic courses in Afro-American history to running a Saturday evening coffeehouse. A sample of what they're into is a food co-op run by HS students and a summer reading tutoring program. They have recently added a draft counseling service on Tuesdays from 1 - 5 PM. Volunteers should call 561-6737 for more information, as should anybody interested in taking courses.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

Chicago Women's Liberation Union
2875 West Cermak -- 927-1790
5406 South Dorchester 363-1348
Orchard & Armitage - 944-8087

Revolutionary Art Co-op - 642-9456

Health Center - will offer minor gynecological services in the fall, call Pat McGauley at 373-1420 for more information. Summer classes in prenatal care, birth control, sex education, abortion counseling and others are being offered. Call Toby Silvey at 324-4985.

Problem pregnancy counseling and services are available through Jane (Women's Liberation) - 643-3844 and through Clergyman's Counselling Service - 324-4985

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART CO-OP is forming "to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that we have been subjected to all of our lives" and "to open up another front against the Amerikan Fatherland. We say ART BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE!" Call 642-9456 for further information.

CHICAGO BRANCH of the **INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD** is part of America's oldest genuine radical labor organization. The office is shared with the national headquarters at 2240 N. Lincoln. The hall is available for use by community organizations for meetings, socials and benefits. Volunteer office help is welcome, call 549-5045 for help in job situations in need of labor organizers. Meetings 1st Friday of every month at 8:00 pm.

STUDENT HEALTH ORGANIZATION (SHO) works to bring health and medicine to the streets. They are involved with several of the medical centers listed in this directory, and they welcome volunteers. Help smash the profit-oriented medical industry. 493-2741. 1613 E. 53rd.

CADRE - **CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTERS** are good people to see when the draft starts after you. They are at 519 West North, phone 664 - 6895.

NEWSREEL Chicago Collective rents, lends and sets up showings of movement films. They have a catalog which they would be glad to let you have (or see), so go on down to 2744 N. Lincoln or call 248-2018.

LEGAL WELFARE CLINIC is held every other Tuesday from 6 to 9 pm at the Concerned Citizens Survival Front Call 348-6842 for more information.

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. Won't usually represent you on ordinary garden variety grass, riot, or disturbing the peace busts. Call 236-5564 or **THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE** handles criminal law cases free to members of revolutionary organizations, others according to their ability to pay. 2156 North Halsted, 929-1880.

COUNTER CULTURAL LAW PROJECT is a group of lawyers and law students who want to help with the legal hassles of living a free life in Chicago. If you are living the revolution and are being hassled, call Lee or Bill at 649-8576 or drop by 360 E. Superior Street.

THE PEOPLE'S DIRECTORY is currently being put together to coordinate skills and crafts in the Lincoln Park area. "The Directory is not advertising for already existing and available capitalistic enterprises, but a peoples information service." It will be published in both English and Spanish. Call 525-7748 and announce your skill or ability to help the project.

VISIT A CAPTIVE. The Black Panther Party is starting a program to enable visits by families and friends to the prisoners being held in the many prisons and jails around the state. If you know of any church, school or organization that has transportation and can donate some time to the program contact the Black Panther Party. Rides can be arranged to St. Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, Joliet, the House, and others. For more info call the Black Panther Party or Rising Up Angry.

PEOPLES INFORMATION CENTER of Evanston is at 809 Foster, 3rd floor, phone GR5-9193. There are there to give you some true information about the Black Panther Party, and to help the community with problems of bad health care, shitty housing, pigs, etc.

FREE CITY BEATINGS - Call PIG-4000 or stand on a corner and throw something. They'll respond. oink

DIRECTORY

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE, inc. is at 4408 N. Sheridan and is open Saturday afternoons. The Patriots need your help to keep the clinic open in the face of increasing police hostility. Call YPO at 334 - 8957.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLES HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization a Peoples' Church, 834 W. Armitage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Ave in the Lincoln Park area, and is now pressuring Grant Hospital to have more social relevance to the people of the community. Call 549-8505 for hours and services, or contact Alberto Chavira at 549-2927.

WELLS - DARROW EVENING MEDICAL CENTER is at 624 East 38th Place. Further information is available by calling 373-0514.

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine. It's open every wednesday night. Call 243 - 4844.

THE FRITZ ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLES' HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living between Fullerton and Barry and between Clark and Racine. Hours are between 3 and 9pm Wdnesdays and 10 to 4 pm Saturdays. It provides medical care, checkups, shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid and nutrition. 348-6842.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTERS FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W. 16th St, 522-3220. Donations of money, and medical supplies are welcome.

COMMUNITY HEALTH ORGANIZATION OF ENGELWOOD, INC. is at 140 West 62nd Street and is open on Monday and Wednesday nights. Call Alexander Ben at 955 - 3220.

CENTRO PARA SALUD DEL PUEBLO is administered by the Latin American Defense Organization. It offers medical aid on Tuesday evenings from 6 to 10. It's at 2353 W. North Avenue. Phone is 276 - 0900.

PEOPLE'S PARK at Armitage and Halsted needs loving care, along with playground equipment. Feel free to just go and work on it, or see the Young Lords for info.

THE EVANSTON PEACE CENTER has a draft counseling service, a library and a bookstore among other good things. The draft counselling service is: Tuesdays from 7 - 9pm; Wednesdays from 1 - 4pm and from 7 - 9pm. Thursdays from 11am - 2pm and 7pm to 9pm. Fridays the sessions are from 12 noon to 2pm; Saturdays from 10am to 4pm; and sundays from 1pm to 4pm. The regular hours of the center are from 10 to 4 every day. For more information call 475 - 2260.

KOOLAID is a new southside center trying to coordinate straight agency services, push those agencies to provide the services they claim to offer, and plug people into referrals. The agencies range from Looking Glass and Cadre through radical therapists and churches to

ALICE'S REVISITED is a political, social and cultural center located at 950 Wrightwood, near the corner of Lincoln and Wrightwood. They are holding benefits every weekend to raise the money necessary to get the restaurant up to Health Department standards. Watch the Seed Calendar or listen to Radio Free Chicago for performers and dates. Alice's needs lots of things to get going, like musical instruments (especially a piano), sound equipment, a 16 mm sound projector and a whole lot of willing hands. Space for community organizations is available, and it's a good place to hang out. Call 528-4250.

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE has a draft counseling service, but it's by appointment only. Call 427 - 2533 for complete information.

FREE UNIVERSITY ON COMMUNES runs a series of workshops in communal living. If you live in a commune, want to live in one, or have plans to start one, you should get ahold of Steve or Mark at 477-9771.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH at 555 West Belden holds free feeds every Wednesday at 6 pm, has some leads on housing and runaway vs parent problems. Call 549-1002.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community at very reasonable rates - cheap but very good. Can do four color up to 17 x 22 inches. Joel will be happy to teach you to run a press. 180 N. Wacker, 641-1576

OMEGA POSTERS prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11 x 17 in up to four colors with the color separations provided. 711 S. Dearborn or call 684-6227 or 939-7672.

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO-OP prints for the community at co-operative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcomed at this Wobbly shop. (I.U. 450) 6710 N. Clark or 973-0219.

THE STOREFRONT LTD. has a sewing machine and a potential market, trades buys and sells books, takes crafts and clothes on consignment. Bring your own material. 2478 N. Lincoln, 549-8814, ask for Lois or Rebecca.

THE NEW NORTH SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL FREE PRESS needs writers, distributors at all public and private schools in the northwest suburbs, photographers, layout people, artists, ad managers, typists (ugh) and all the other skills needed to make a paper go. If you are interested, call Mitch at 929-0133 (leave message).

KOOL AIDE is a new youth help center in the near north side. They're at 12 E. Walton, phone 664-0505. They'll be open from 1pm to 2am weekdays and 24 hours on weekends. Call 'em if you got troubles.

MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING advises active duty reservists on their rights - 427-3350

city-run offices. Call 664-0505 if you need medical treatment, legal services, draft counseling, someone to talk to during a bum trip, etc. The office is at 12 E. Walton, and is open from 1 PM to 2 AM through Thursday and 24 hours on weekends.

escape & evasion

NORTH SIDE:

Wellington Ave Draft Counselling. Wellington Ave. Congregational Church, 615 Wellington, 935-0642

Uptown Draft Information Service, Hull House, 4520 North Beacon; 561-8033 Monday evenings.

Chicago Area Draft Resisters (CADRE), 519 W' North phone 664 - 6895

Ravenswood - Uptown Interfaith Fellowship; Barry Methodist Church, 4754 N. Leavitt, 784-3273

SOUTH SIDE

Hyde Park Draft Information Center, 5615 S Woodlawn 363-1248

Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S University, 324-5181

South Side Draft Information Center, 2355 W 63rd, 2nd floor, 925 - 3686

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program, 277-3140 or 762 - 2010 after 6 pm

Austin Draft Counseling Center, 5903 W Fulton, 626 - 9385

SUBURBS

Gary - Lake County Draft Information Center, 3525 Jefferson, (219) - 887 - 5037

Evanston - Peace and World Affairs Center, 926 Chicago 475 - 2260

Maywood - West Suburban Draft Counseling Center, 100 S 19th Ave 344 - 2343

Lombard - Draft Counseling Center, 1 S Park, 2nd floor 629 - 9146

La Grange Area Draft Information Group, 24 W Burlington, 352 - 6677

Techny - North Shore Draft Information Group, Divine Word Seminary, 1835 Waukegan Rd, 272-2700

Naperville - Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S Washington, 355 - 0210

Midwest Comm for Draft Couns. 427-3350

OTHER DRAFT COUNSELING SERVICES ARE LISTED IN THE FREE CITY DIRECTORY AND IN GOOD NUMBERS!

FREE CITY EXCHANGE		
Seed	2551 N Halsted	281-7197
Rising Up Angry	2261 N Lincoln	929-0133
Chicago Defender		472-1791
Second City	2120 N Halsted	225-2400
Chicago Journ. Review		549-8760
Newsreel	2744 N Lincoln	664-5255
Information Central		248-2018
Radio Free Chicago		929-0133
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Women's Liberation Union		273-3330
S. Side Women's Ctr	5406 S Dorchester	927-1790
N. Side Women's Ctr	1980 Orchard	103-1348
+ + + + +		
Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	944-8087
Patriot Party	1210 Montrose	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	784-1266
IWW	2440 N Lincoln	348-6842
Young Patriots	4400 N Sheridan	549-5045
LADO	2853 W North	334-8957
Young Lords/People's Church	834 W Armitage	276-0909
+ + + + +		
Peoria Four	2754 N Hampdon Ct	549-8505
White Panther Party		667-8320
YSA		787-1962
		248-8082

Kool Aide/Info		
YAWF	12 E Walton	664-0505
Chi Peace Council	3435 N Sheffield	248-8082
People's School	343 S Dearborn	922-6578
Student Mob	4409 N Sheridan	561-6737
N. Side Cooperative Ministry	9 S Clinton	332-1108
Breadbasket		281-0690
Men Against Cool		548-6540
GAY LIBERATION		248-9622
+ + + + +		
South Side/U of C		955-7433
North Side		172-2967
Northwestern Univ		338-9241
Roosevelt Univ		525-5268
Matachine Midwest		334-2244
+ + + + +		
Community Legal Counsel		726-0157
Lincoln Pk Rights Center		325-9775
ACLU	6 S Clark	336-5564
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880
Counter Cultural Law Project		649-8576
+ + + + +		
Mental Illth Clinic	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
Student Health Org.	1613 E 63rd	493-2741
Young Patriots Clinic	4408 N Sheridan	334-8957

Planned Parenthood		185 N Wabash	726-5134
Young Lords Clinic		834 W Armitage	549-8505
Fritz Engelstein Health Center			348-6842
Abortion Counseling			643-3844
Clergymans Counselling Service (abortions)			324-4958
Spurgeon 'Jake' Winters Clinic			522-3220
Englewood Health Clinic		140 W 62nd	955-3220
Centro Para Salud Del Pueblo			276-0900
Benito Juarez Clinic		1831 N Racine	243-4844
+ + + + +			
Looking Glass (runaways)		1725 W Wilson	334-2601
Grace Church (runaways)		555 W Belden	549-1002
LSD Rescue		7717 N Sheridan	338-6750
Alices Revisited		950 W Wrightwood	528-4250
+ + + + +			
DRAFT COUNSELING			
CADRE		519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft		5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
Evanston Peace Center			475-2260
Amer. Friend			427-2533
+ + + + +			
Police		(request district)	PIG-4000
Police Emergency			765-1313
Audy Home		2240 W Roosevelt	633-2200
Cook County Jail		2600 S California	523-0101

There were two "Reigns of Terror" of we would but remember it and consider it; the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death upon a thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions; but our shudders are all for the "horrors" of the minor horror, the momentary horror, so to speak; whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the axe compared with lifelong death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty, and heartbreak?

Mark Twain was writing about people's reaction to the French Revolution: their negative preoccupation with the violence of the Revolution itself, and their callousness toward the centuries of more subtle and devastating violence which made the Revolution necessary. The same can be said about the predominant response to the violence which passes quickly before us. Our abhorring it, our failing to see its causes, and our rejecting its revolutionary necessity are trademarks of Amerikan culture burned into our brains.

The Judeo-Christian ethic tells us that violence is reprehensible. Wars are waged to save lives. Policemen "shoot to kill" to prevent arson, armed robbery. Pig public officials can win elections on law'n order. They can win reelection by quickly identifying some scapegoat as responsible for the momentary fester of the Amerikan sore, then calling for the speedy and spectacular apprehension of the "real criminal." The straight press controls our consciousness and makes its bread by merely "reporting the facts," as told by sundry mayors, state's prosecutors, policemen, and middle-class organizers attempting to build the broadest possible base.

In racist Amerika, these tactics are most frequently used against the black organizations closest to the most oppressed people. The reason is not hard to find: the people in power have learned from previous colonialist

bolize. No elaborate ideology seems to have laid behind the shootings, but it was a very heavy political act.

People in power were terrified. They chose their scapegoats and unrelentingly hunted them out wherever they were found: police and detectives combed the project for the "gang members." Some alderman gave a speech placing the blame on those who oppose Mayor Daley. Policemen from across the country came to express their solidarity with each other and with the power structure for which they are low-level henchmen. The whole scene was pretty routine.

It even scared Jessie Jackson, the former Southern Christian Leadership Council militant turned SCLC Operation Breadbasket organizer and moderate black politician. Jessie went to the project to cool it out, to play baseball with the kiddies, to use the press to tell other politicians and up-tight ordinary folks that they didn't have to be afraid of the causes behind the event or the thousands of project residents who watched this time but might fight next time. He was afraid of the old bugaboo, the white backlash, which always exists but surfaces whenever events and official statements can be construed to support it. He was afraid of police retaliation, so he mediated the surrender of one youth. No doubt he was also afraid of losing the Democratic Party and middle-class support which Breadbasket's expanded black capitalist projects have one and come to depend on. Jackson's been in the civil rights movement long enough to know that City Hall participates in the coalition only to sap off the energy which is finally being directed toward symbols of the Real Criminals. It's hard for a minister to condone picking up the gun. It's hard for a charismatic organizer who has been ground up by the Hog Butcher's harassment to reject the hors d'oeuvres. It's hard for someone who's been in the civil rights movement too long to admit that it isn't going to work.

The same thing is happening on the south side. The only difference is that it's been going on longer and is

They've talked their way into grant money which they have distributed to youths who need it. They've moved their community's political analysis. They've repeatedly denied that the Nation is involved in the intimidation of merchants and young kids frequently attributed to it by the power structure. And they give cogent reasons why these tactics are contrary to what they're trying to do. (Gang Intelligence Unit detectives admit harassing the leadership to thwart their organizing activities. The Illinois State's Attorney's Office has been unable to substantiate any claims of recruitment intimidation. No indictment has ever been brought against a Stone for extortion of businessmen; some businessmen even admit that unaffiliated youths are impersonating Stones to get the nickels and dimes.)

The power structure has awarded their good work by singling them out as its scapegoats. They have been blamed and several times brought to trial for numerous "major crimes" in Kenwood, Woodlawn, and South Shore.

Sengali's latest bogus charge was that he robbed and murdered a furniture salesman in an auto in Kenwood. The evidence against him was so obviously trumped up that even the criminal court judge couldn't believe a word of it. Judge Fitzgerald told the defense to not even bother putting forward its evidence. He ordered that Sengali be found innocent. Several facts of the case help explain what was going on. The dead man was an ordinary furniture salesman in the ghetto. His store was on the main business street of Kenwood. Lots of its business was with welfare recipients. That's a good business, because the store can stock shitty furniture, sell it at slightly lower prices than shopping centers or loop stores, slightly lower prices than shopping centers or loop stores, give poor people credit, rake off exorbitant interest for a while, then repossess and resell the junk when the buyer can no longer make payments. The salesman admitted following the mailman on the day welfare checks were delivered. He took all the bread he could get and always reserved the power to turn in the buyers for spending their state checks on forbidden "luxury" items like TV sets and record players.

Sengali is an organizer for the Kenwood-Oakland Community Organization. In the early sixties KOCO was considered militant. Then it tried to deal with urban renewal projects in the neighborhood, lost its white leadership and got less militant black leadership. Now it is nominally led by SCLC's Rev. Curtis Burrell but effectively led by a tension-ridden combination of SCLC types and Stones. Burrell is trying to hold THE position of authority over Sengali and a number of Stones whom Burrell hired. He wants to expand KOCO's job programs and has begun seeking funds from city agencies, like Model Cities and the Board of Health. The Stones can't dig a cooperative relationship between the Stones and KOCO.

So a month after the furniture salesman was found dead the rap was pinned on Sengali—a powerful political leader of the Black P. Stone Nation, a viable link between the Stones and a community organization commanding some necessary resources. The plan is to discredit Sengali's leadership, silence the voices which direct street hostility toward the real enemy; thereby the people get back to fighting with each other, and a bogus justification is provided for the "war on gangs" which gives the police their kicks and the politicians their votes.

Burrell cooperates for the same reason Jackson does: he didn't grow up on the streets and he still thinks the only way to make it is with the man's money. But he takes the process one step further: he pulls a gun on a Stone he fired when the Stone came back asking for vacation pay; his public statements focus on "gang violence" rather than the internal political conflicts of KOCO; he fixes the blame for his church's burning on "gang members"; and he one-ups the Man by calling for a black armed militia, "Black Men Moving," to deal with youths they have been brainwashed into believing are more of a threat to the black community than the KKK, Mayor Daley, President Nixon, and the rest of the real saboteurs.

People like Jackson and Burrell have been effectively immobilized by the Man's ideology. Black brothers and sisters on the block, the Stones, the Panthers are the real black men and women moving. The old colonial trick is always the same, whether it's used in South Africa, Southeast Asia, any colony in the USA. The power structure will keep responding with more cooptation, more repression. But claiming that the people will win is not just rhetoric. It's happening everywhere. The only uncertainties are when it will happen here, how much more terror the people will suffer before their victory, and whether we stand in the way or help move along the process.

- Penny



experience that they will be overcome if the fermenting rage of the oppressed is ever turned fully against them. And the tactics threaten to work: The white middle class combines racism with a horror of any violence not sanctioned by the State; the white working class believes that blacks are their economic enemy rather than the owners who leech off both black and white workers; and the black middle class has found that the only way it can adapt is to cater to (and hence grow to believe in) the white dream of a quiet black colony.

During the past few weeks we've gotten massive doses of the Man's propaganda. We have heard the proclamations of black organizers who try to walk the tightrope between established political powers and the people. We have listened as violence is casually labelled as "senseless"

Take the executions of the two "walk and talk" policemen at Cabrini Green. Things are so fucked up that we've come to call the event "Cabrini Green." Avoid even the word "murder." Avoid defining the Cabrini Green housing project for what it is—the most densely populated, brick and concrete, economic and social prison in Chicago. Just equate it with the shootings: somebody says "Cabrini Green" and you are supposed to flash "Gand kids shot two nice-guy policemen."

At first, no one knew who fired the shots. Some city officials said members of the gang, The Blacks; some said the Cobras. The automatic assumption was "gang members." Police rhetoric emphasized "blacks killing other blacks." They used the occasion to again point out that street blacks are savages. The desired implication is that police brutality and police murder of blacks in the project and other ghetto areas are therefore necessary and justified.

But city officials and police alike knew that somebody black had offed two men because they were white policemen walking and talking, lying and spying, their way through Cabrini Green to the Task Force at the Chicago Avenue station. Black youths—one of them only 14 years old—apparently had taken the giant step from ripping off or killing a brother out of self-hatred or real frustration to killing white policemen out of hatred for the oppression they so self-righteously administer and directly sym-

much more intense. For decades the south side has been a laboratory for "crime control" tactics and community organizing. The two play off each other in a weird but predictable dialectic. Until the last few years, black brothers and sisters were staking out small turfs. Each group was a nation. Each 3-5 square block area was a country. Groups fought to expand their turf and protect it from the invasion of other groups. The foreign aggressors lived next door. The brothers and sisters understood imperialism, oppression, and violence. They lived with it every day. But they were into the familiar phenomenon of turning justifiable vengeance falsely inward. They picked up on the Man's methods. They picked up on the Man's defining them as "dumb nigger animals." Like colonially-raped people everywhere, they responded by doing the Man's work for him. The police only had to keep them at each other's throats, arrest group leaders now and then, hold investigations and reactionary-heavy press conferences about "gang warfare," and keep telling people that the black man is his own worst enemy. Somebody says "Woodlawn" or "Englewood" and you are supposed to flash "Savage Rangers and Disciples gun each other down, kill kids who won't join the right gang, and extort vast sums of money from merchants benevolent enough to stay in the neighborhood."

A few years ago, Saul Alinsky organized The Woodlawn Organization. It was, and still is, involved in lots of things with the city. Its council is not representative of the community. But TWO has been important because it was the first attempt at any sort of community organization in the Chicago colony. It turned people on to the power they ought to have, even though its leadership and politics stood in the way of people's actually obtaining this power. Rival street groups began coming together in the office and, contrary to the wishes of many TWO backers, began identifying their common enemies.

Shortly after the formation of TWO, about fifty south side "gangs" came together to sign truces with each other and to organize to deal with the real forces of oppression in the community and the city. The Black P. Stone Nation was formed. Jeff Fort and Leonard Sengali became spokesmen for the group. They have worked hard to improve the economic base of the community.

One of the most secret installations in the United States lies just 60 miles west of Washington, D.C. on the border separating Clarke and Loudon Counties in rural Virginia.

The installation is called by area residents either the "little pentagon" or the "underground White House" or the alternate White House."

There, on route 601, which stretches along the rounded tops of the Blue Ridge Mountains paralleling the Appalachian Trail and which connects routes 7 and 50, sits the shadow government that would control the United States in the event of nuclear attack, or in Pig Amerika 1970 style---the event of armed insurrection.

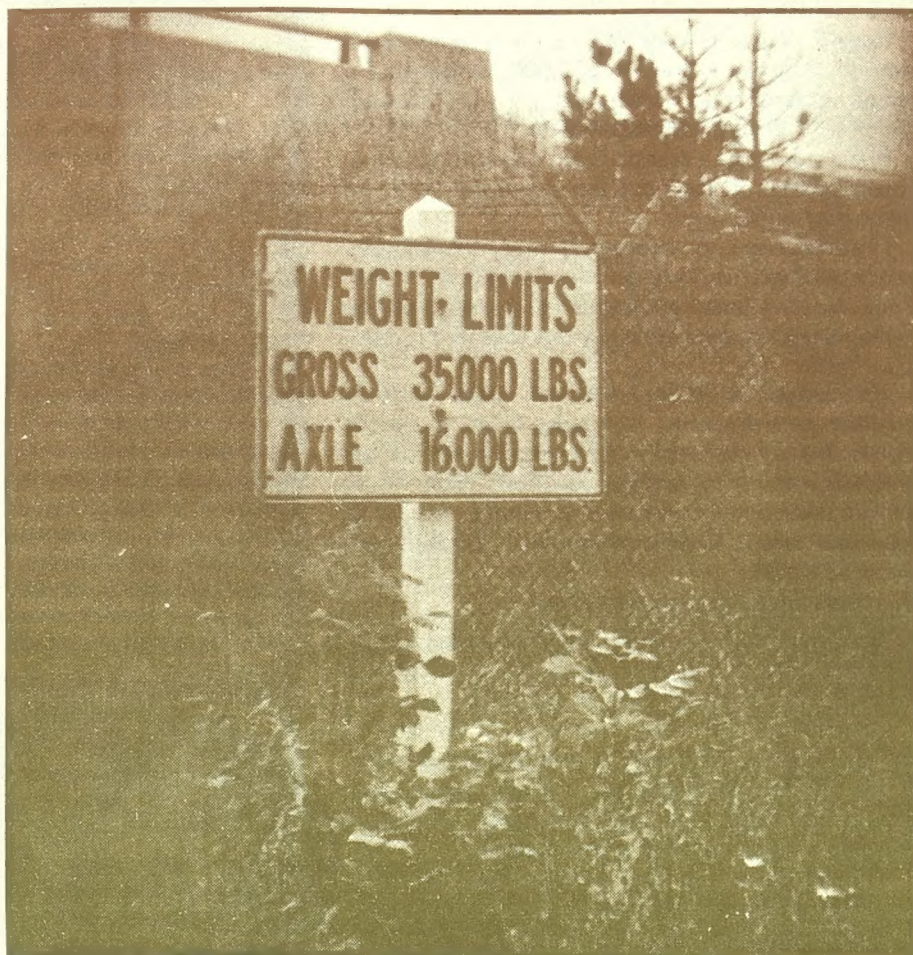
Also there, in this installation that used to be called Mount Weather, rests the potential for an all-encompassing fascist coup of the Amerikan government by either a right-wing administration and/or the military. The apparatus already exists.

The installation itself, except for camouflage surface buildings and a heliport, hides totally within a hollowed-out mountain. A chamber four blocks long by two blocks wide and from 40 to 80 feet high houses the military command-communication center. It is complete with streets, sidewalks, curbs, manholes, three-story tall buildings and enough traffic leeway to easily maneuver a tractor-trailer around; in short, it is a microscopic military city. This subterranean compound has offices, residence, hospital, cafeteria, an underground lake as its water supply (so large a person could water-ski on it), its own power supply, a radioactive decontamination center and entrance tunnel protected by 34-ton blast doors. The doors, constructed of steel, concrete and lead, travel on tracks and are so massive that it takes 10 to 15 minutes to open or close them by mechanical means.

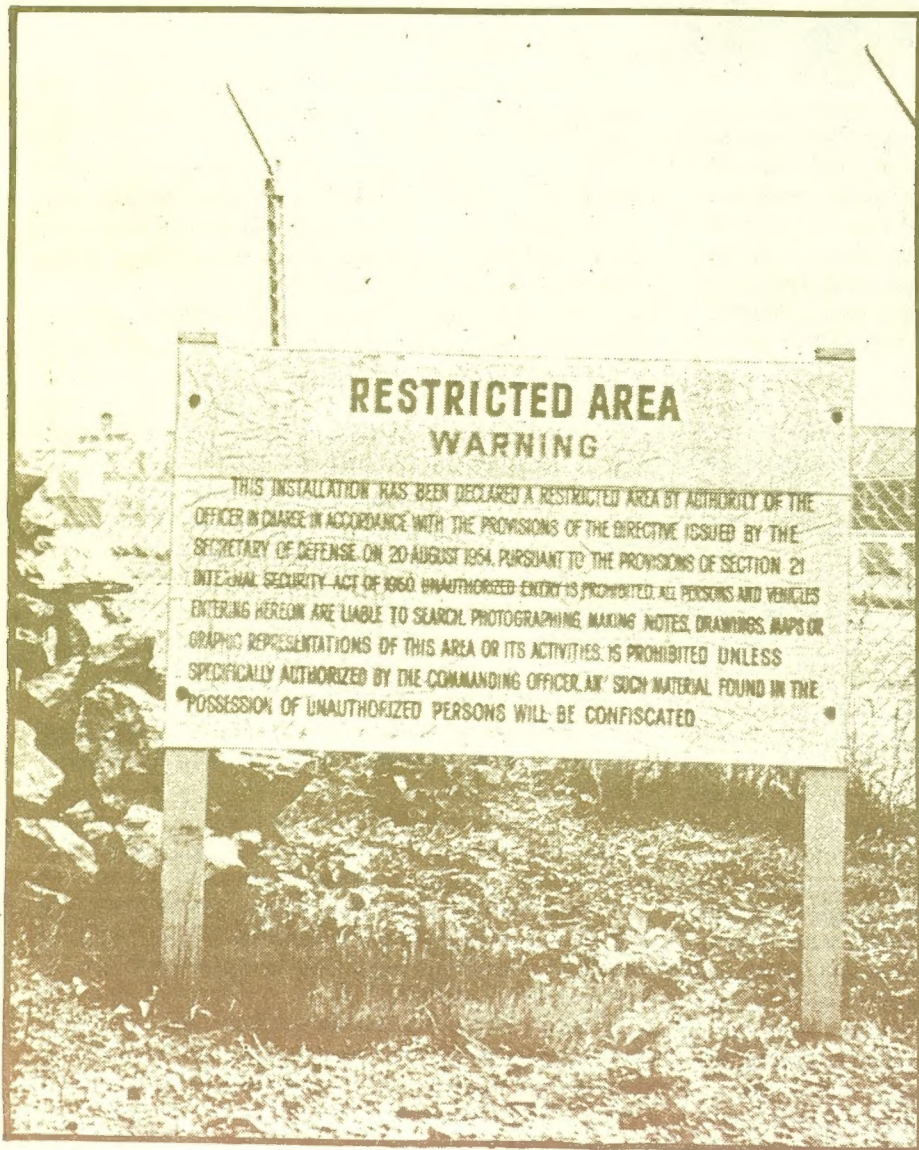
Once the doors are closed, the installation can be pressurized to counteract the shock wave and increased outside air pressure that would be generated by nuclear impact.

Personnel working inside the complex are expected to give up their families, since no provision is made for their retrieval or lodging.

The entire set-up resembles a macabre Walt Disney scenario drawn by cartoonists George Orwell and Dr. Strangelove. Imagine, but remember that it's real, a huge circular assembly room lined with communications equipment, and which contains a stage, podium, and hanging world map with lights that illuminate the locations of SAC planes, naval vessels, missile sites, and so on. The map continually changes patterns as power shifts and strategic deployments occur around the globe.



U.S. GOVT. --- SECRET MOUNTAIN RETREAT



The assembly room and the whole underground installation is protected by the hardest rock in the country. The mountain is solid stone with no vulnerable faults. It took 21 years of continuous demolition work to excavate the site.

The only entrances to the chamber are two long tunnelers: the east tunnel and west tunnel, both of which are designed to withstand atomic blasts. On one side of the east tunnel there pushes out a bubble-shaped east pod, a communications center (the most advanced in the country). It lies outside the blast doors, but because of its hemispherical design can still withstand the blow of an atomic shock wave roaring down the corridor.

Should a nuclear attack strike, or even more likely in this age of turmoil, an armed uprising of the people into revolution, key figures from Washington and the Pentagon in Arlington, Virginia would helicopter to this installation, seal themselves inside, and conduct the war.

In the event that these higher-ups fail to reach the installation, the indigenous station personnel (not elected by anyone nor constitutionally provided for) would assume direct control of the country and would wage the internal or external warfare.

Needless to say, information about the installation is difficult to obtain; regular maps do not list the site; special government maps given to foreign ambassadors which pinpoint security areas that aliens must specifically avoid do not list the site. But there

are some subtle giveaways. The installation, once called Mount Weather, a lookout station, has unusually well-kept roads leading up to it. Signs along the road proclaim the astounding weight limit of 35,000 pounds for two lanes of mountaintop pavement.

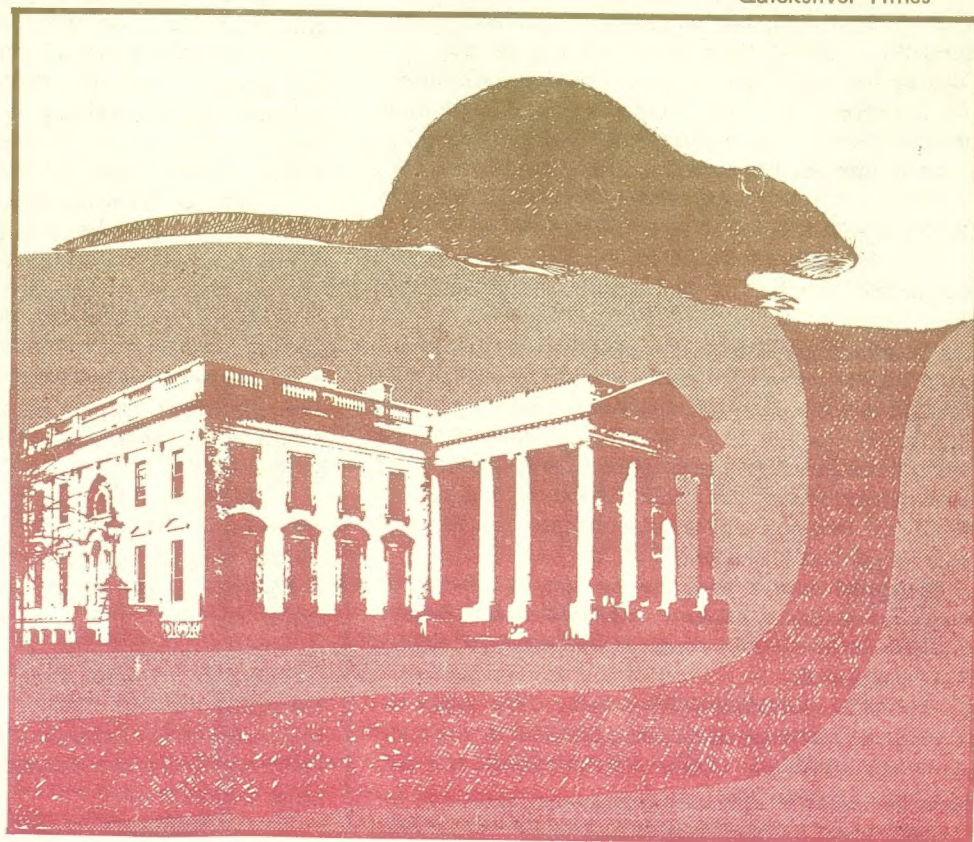
Besides this, the woods across from the surface main gate are impenetrable. About 30 yards off the public road behind a strip of living forest there snakes a jagged line of felled trees (parallel to the highway)—with sharp dead limbs and branches still intact. These pointed branches sticking vertically route 601 from the installation interior.

Interestingly enough, the part of the installation that the public can see from the road includes a shed which disguises the airshaft leading into the center of the mountain. The draft blows out of this shaft so strongly that objects gust upwards if placed in the windstream.

At night, bright landing and navigation lights guide the eye to the site on the side and top of the mountain. The installation sits like a beacon in the darkness.

But the real beacon must be the eternal vigilance of the people. Installations such as this one have to be public knowledge because if citizens don't know where the power of the land lies, they will someday forfeit the right to govern their own lives.

Quicksilver Times



HUEY'S FREE!

Huey P. Newton, Black Panther Party founder and Minister of Defense, is free on \$50,000.00 bail after a California appeals court overturned his conviction on charges of murdering an Oakland cop in 1967.

Huey still faces a second trial, this one on voluntary manslaughter charges, but the state can't retry him on the murder indictment.

Two Oakland cops stopped Huey in the middle of the city's black ghetto early on the morning of October 28, 1967. Gunfire broke out and moments later one cop was dead, one wounded, and Huey was shot in the stomach.

The appeals court said the trial judge failed to instruct the jury properly. The judge failed to tell the jurors that if they accepted Huey's position that he was unconscious when the shootings occurred, Huey would have a complete defense against the charges. Crucial to freeing Huey was a massive nation-wide campaign that publicized the case.

NIXON-MITCHELL'S POLICE STATE

The Senate has passed an important plank in Nixon-Mitchell's plan for a police state Amerika with its strong approval of the District of Columbia crime bill.

Intended to curb rising crime rates in the district, the bill is touted by Attorney General Mitchell as model legislation for the 50 states, and already several state legislatures are considering important parts of it, including preventive detention and no-knock raids.

Political defendants are already subject to a type of preventive detention through the setting of outrageously high bail bonds. But preventive detention in the new D. C. crime bill goes a step further: now any judicial officer can jail a suspect (after a brief judicial hearing) for up to 60 days if that officer feels the defendant would be "a danger to other persons in the community." To qualify for preventive detention, a defendant supposedly must be 1) charged with a "dangerous crime" 2) charged with a "crime of violence" or 3) represent a "threat to justice" because he may threaten witnesses or otherwise "obstruct justice."

The judicial officer is supposed to consider the defendant's past record in determining whether he deserves preventive detention, but anything as minor as a misdemeanor bust on dope or park curfew violation is enough to get someone locked up.

"No-knock" gives police the right to break into a building without knocking if they can substantiate to a judge that evidence might be destroyed if the officer identified himself, that the officer might endanger himself by knocking, that the suspect might escape during an identification, or that knocking would be useless.

Since we already know how easy it is for police to get search warrants approved on the flimsiest of grounds (as in Fred Hampton's assassination and the numerous dope busts justified by unidentified "informers," it's plain to see what will happen.

Reaction to the bill is vocal. WVON criticized it as a weapon to be used against black and poor people, conservative Senator Sam Ervin says that it's an attack on the law of the land, and Representative Podell of New York said on the floor of the House that any police officer who breaks into a home without knocking should be shot.

The American Civil Liberties Union charges that both the no-knock and preventive detention measures are unconstitutional, but Nixon-Mitchell plan to get around the Supreme Court by holding those two provisions of the crime bill in suspension for six months. If he can replace even one liberal on the court during that time, his Administration will have taken a giant step down the road toward a police state in America.

HOUSTON POLICE MURDER CARL HAMPTON

"It's not because I'm in the People's Party II that I'm oppressed, it's because I'm black and in the United States."

Shortly after making that statement in Houston July 26th, Carl Hampton was shot down by police snipers in an ambush. He died a few hours later.

The 21-year-old chairman of the People's Party a revolutionary black organization similar to the Panthers, was murdered, shot down in cold blood, in an apparent attempt by Houston police to duplicate the Chicago murder of another Hampton.

Founded only a few months ago, the People's Party II conducted a militant campaign against racism and police brutality that made it the object of strong police surveillance.

Hampton was addressing a Party rally when he was notified that there were police snipers on the roof of a church across the street. He ran outside and was shot almost immediately.

Space City News, the underground paper in Houston, says that People's Party II members "are not

The wheels of justice moved rapidly Wednesday, August 12, when 15 sisters and brothers were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced for daring to struggle with a swine judge named Meyer Goldstein.

The Fifteen were arrested during the course of a thirty-minute riot that took place as eleven U of I students were preparing to go on trial for insurrection on campus following Kent State, Augusta and Jackson. The riot was precipitated when the judge tried to have a man carrying a crying infant ejected from the court. People started screaming and in no time at all 20 pigs showed up with mace and clubs. Those involved were supporters and witnesses.

Two pigs were injured. At press time it is not known how many humans were hurt.

Immediately after things quieted down the judge had the people brought into court for contempt sentencing. After sentencing a brother to four months, a sister was brought in whom the judge accused of starting the whole thing. When she launched into a rap about fighting Imperialism, the horror of Vietnam and the need for Women's liberation the sexist pig judge responded by saying: "Since you are pressing for equal rights, you should get the same as a man." He sentenced her to four months.



What it must be like to be seventeen years old and run around California gathering up guns for a desperate attempt to free two brothers on trial by a racist system. What it must be like when a brother who is the son of your mother is on trial for his life in another town, another court. What it must be like to kidnap the Man, a judge, to take him and three pale women who know nothing of your life into a getaway van. What it must be like to die at the gun/hand of the prosecutor.

We are cute. We sing "Murder In My Heart For The Judge." We read stories, write stories about judges called "We Will Dance On Your Grave, Motherfucker." We talk glibly over pot, over beer, overdrawn talk talk talk about "pig system" and "pig nation."

Jackson is dead, and I don't remember his first name. Kid brother of George Jackson of the Soledad Three. What does his mother think? One son behind bars, one waiting to be put underground. Through her tears, does she curse her sons or the system that drove them into jail and into kamakazi rage?

And what do we whites think? We, who look on, who see the black man with the gun and the white judge before the top half of his head was blown off. We who see the terrible sight, the white woman covered with dark blood lying in the gutter. Does the rhetoric melt, or do we see behind the immediacy... behind our partisanship... into the rotten core of that system which drives "them" into jail and into kamakazi rage?

In New York tonight 800 men in a jail aptly named the Tombs are together. The banner hanging over the New York Street reads—if it can be seen through the pollution—WE WANT JUSTICE. The demands are signed "The People," just as Jackson and the others announced and proved themselves to be "The Revolutionaries." The demands are for what all men want: decent conditions, an end to prejudice, a fair shake at the world.

Jackson and the others killed. It is not clear why. Perhaps there was a struggle and a pulled trigger, perhaps there was the rage at being confronted by a co-worker of the Man who will order his brother's execution. Situations vary: in Uruguay a called challenge killed an American policeman, in New York three hostages were released unharmed. One thing stands evident above the indecision and pain and contradictions—All Political Prisoners must be freed. Hopefully this page explains why.

Abe

trigger-happy romantics seeking glorious death in the streets by provoking armed confrontation with the police. They have guns, they know how to use them, and they have used them only for self-defense."

After the shooting, the police entered People's Party headquarters and trashed the place with great glee. Before leaving, they scribbled "Fuck Huey," "Wallace in '72" and other graffiti on the walls.

PUN CAPTURED

A stupid mistake has put White Panther Party co-founder and Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon in a federal prison on charges of conspiring to blow up the Ann Arbor CIA building in September of 1968.

Pun was on the FBI's ten most wanted list and had been underground for nine months. He was captured with Jack Forrest, defense captain of the Detroit White Panthers, and Skip Taube, national Minister of the Interior.

The three were taken in the upper peninsula of Michigan after they tossed an empty beer can out the window of the car they were driving in. They were stopped by state troopers, but allowed to split. They were busted shortly thereafter when the state pork ran a check on account of their being "suspicious-looking."

Pun was busted for having a concealed .38 on him. His status and rep was established the next day. An additional bullshit charge of possessing an unregistered weapon was hung on the brother. Aiding and abetting charges were hung on Skip and Jack.

Not only is Pun wanted by the FBI, but he is in demand in New Jersey, Michigan and our own Illinois for some outstanding dope busts. During his time on the loose Pun made it to the top ten most wanted people and issued frequent statements and interviews from the belly of the beast.

Pun's ransom is \$150,000, while Skip and Jack are on the block for \$25,000 each. The combined charges against Pun equal a minimum of 55 years.

RAIDERS BUSTED

Twelve right-minded but naively-organized brothers and sisters have been busted during raids on draft boards in Pontiac, Illinois and rural Minnesota.

Four Chicagoans allegedly stole all the 1-A and 1-Y records from the Pontiac board, tore down the flag, and generally trashed the office. But they were arrested near Peoria by Illinois State Police before they could dump their booty.

The four—Kevin Clarke, Ortex Anderson, Phyllis Burke and Patricia Pottinger—have had their bail set at \$10,000 each. The normal 10% provision for bond was suspended "in view of the nature of the crime with which they are charged." That's called preventive detention.

The Minnesota raiders liberated their records in Wabasha but were busted by FBI agents and local police hiding in boards at Winona, Little Falls and Alexandria.

The Eight's bail has been posted at \$50,000 each, which was later reduced. A rally in front of the courthouse led to a police riot and 14 arrests.

BERRIGAN BUMMER

Jesuit Daniel Berrigan embarrassed the hell out of the FBI for the past several weeks before being captured in a Rhode Island summer resort.

Berrigan's above-ground sermons, speeches and media interviews were numerous: everybody seemed able to find him except J. Edgar's finest.

But Berrigan slipped on August 11th and Hoover himself was quick to make a nationwide announcement of his capture, something usually reserved for kidnappers and murderers.

Berrigan was convicted of the May 17, 1968 draft board burning in Cotonsville, Maryland. He went underground impulsively after a speech at Cornell when a friend asked "Why not split?"

His last public speech was on Sunday, August 2, when he surfaced for 20 minutes at Philadelphia's prestigious First United Methodist Church, arguing that it is "impossible to remain a Christian and abide by the laws of this country."

LOS SIETE DE LA RAZA

The trial of the seven young Latinos accused of killing one San Francisco cop and wounding another proceeds. The State has only two witnesses, one the pill-popping policeman whose gun fired the fatal shot, the other a middle-aged woman whose line of sight was blocked by a roomful of furniture and a set of curtains. Both have changed their stories, but it seems that the same old story of class difference and race prejudice on the jury of somebody-else's peers may jail the "seven of the race" for a long, long time.

FRED NEWS SERVICE

Nearly 2 years ago, Brazil's already decimated population of Indians was being systematically slaughtered, according to the Government's own admission, with the full compliance of the Government's Indian Protection Service. Attorney General Figueiredo estimated that \$62 million of cattle and personal possessions had been stolen from the Indians. The head of the Indian Protection Service, Major Luis Neves was accused of 42 crimes including collusion in several murders, the illegal sale of lands, and the embezzlement of \$300,000.

According to a few Ministry statements:

"The Maxacalis were given firewater by the landowners who employed gunmen to shoot them down when they were drunk."

"The Nhambiquera Indians were mown down by machinegun fire."

"Two tribes of the Patachos were exterminated by giving them smallpox injections."

"To exterminate the tribe Bei-cos-de-Pau, Ramis Bucair, Chief of the Sixth Inspectorate, explained, an expedition was formed which went up the River Arinos carrying presents and a great quantity of foodstuffs for the Indians. These were mixed with arsenic and formicides."

The atrocities began with the Conquistadores killing 12 million Indians. The murder and enslavement slowed down for the next 3 centuries only to reassert themselves at the turn of the century during the great rubber boom when the Peruvian Amazon Company alone virtually murdered 30,000 Indians. On one occasion 150 hopelessly inefficient workers all were rounded up and slashed to pieces by macheteiros employing the "corte do bananeiro", a backward and forward swing of the blade which removed two heads at one blow, and the "corte maior", which sliced a body into two or more parts before it could fall to the ground. On high feast days, enslaved Indian rubber tappers were blindfolded and encouraged to do their best to escape while overseers and their guests potted at them with their rifles. Stud farms existed where selected Indian girls would breed the slave labor of the future.

In 1910, the Indian Protection Service was formed.

In the shadow of the great landowner, the IPS agent shrinks to a subservient figure, too often corrupted by bribes. A bororo Indian girl's testimony depicts what happened at Teresa Cristina:

"There were two fazendas (ranches), one called Teresa, where the Indians worked as slaves. They took me from my mother when I was a child. Afterward I heard that they hung my mother up all night... She was very ill and I wanted to see her before she died... When I got back they thrashed me with a rawhide whip... One day the IRS agent called an old carpenter to make an oven for the farmhouse. When the carpenter had finished the agent asked him what he wanted for doing the job. The carpenter said he wanted an Indian girl, and the agent took him to the school and told him to choose one. No one saw or heard any more of her... Not even the children escaped. From 2 years of age they worked under the whip... There was a mill for crushing the cane, and to save the horses they used 4 children to turn the mill..."

The Cintas Lagos Indians lived in magnificent, if precarious isolation in the upper reaches of the Aripuana River. Their fate was sealed when rare metals were found in the area. There were vague reports of the smuggling of plane loads of rare metals back to the U.S. When an Indian was captured, he was taken on "the visit to the dentist" being ordered to "open wide" whereupon he was shot through his mouth. During one of the Indians' ancient ceremonies, a Cessna light plane loaded with sticks of dynamite delivered an air attack. Packets of sugar were dropped to calm the fears of those who scattered at the sight of the plane. They were tasting the sugar when the plane returned 10 minutes later to carry out the attack.

No one knows just how many Indians have survived because there is no way of counting them in their last mountain and forest strongholds. The estimate is somewhere between 50 and 100,000.

Reprinted in part from Atlas



Once again, Uruguay's urban guerrilla Tupamaros have shown the way for all revolutionary people in the Americas to deal with pigs. On July 31st the Tups, named after an Aztec chief who fought foreign invaders, watched yet another American, Dan Mitrione, an advisor on police techniques. Mitrione, the former police chief of Richmond, Indiana, was an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency assigned to help the Uruguay government combat the same Tupamaros who kidnapped him.

Shortly after Mitrione was captured, the government was advised that he would be executed unless 150 prisoners of war—including the two recently-arrested leaders of the Movement—were released. Consistent with the disregard of life of all repressive governments, Uruguay refused to comply with the requirements for Mitrione's release. And, as all those who make pretensions of being revolutionaries should do, the Tupamaros followed through on their threat: At about 4 am Monday, August 9th, two bullets were put into the head of Mitrione.

As the Seed goes to press the Tups still hold another American, Claude Fly, and Brazilian Consul Aloysio Dias Gomide, both of whom were kidnapped recently for the same ransom. It is a certainty that both will be executed if the demands are not met.

Mitrione's body was discovered in a middle-class neighborhood shortly after fascist President Jorge Pacheco Areco asked Congress to give him dictatorial powers in an effort to crush the people's liberation movement.

As in the United States, each move to the right by the government can and will lead only to more widespread and aggressive actions for freedom. There is a lesson to be learned here for all of us.

at the Army's Training Station, our neighbor to the North. I was recently in the cells when a large man came in with a rifle and a gun. They got into the room because they are only allowed to look at the books and fighting. The Seed received a letter from two friends who had been in the Lakes after being picked up while AWOL during the Democratic Revolution.

We were taken to the Great Lakes brig. This was the worst that I've ever experienced. We were forced to eat anything that walked "in". We were often denied the "privilege" of eating a bit and were harassed and beaten twenty-four hours a day. We were allowed to sleep no more than five hours a day. I was wearing a pair of long pants with black pants polish twelve hours a day.

The guys had occasion to subsequently do time at Camp Pendleton where an affinity group recently ripped off a load of ammunition.

The Camp Pendleton brig was a real hell. They suspended prisoners by handcuffs over set-back fences while the riot control pigs had target practice with fire hoses. One brother was forced to lie down in four inches of water during an eight hour rain storm.

The physical structure of the brig at Pendleton is reminiscent of a Nazi concentration camp. We had cells—but no walls. We were exposed to all of the elements—wind, snow and rain—in our shirt sleeves. Many of the prisoners became deathly ill,

but they were denied any medical attention. You were given one blanket and forced to sleep on the concrete. Oh yes, I must note one more "feature" of the brig—often a brother had his hands cuffed and his face masked before a beating. Obviously, this was so he could neither fight back nor identify his enemies who attacked him.

Responses to this kind of treatment vary. "A" and "B" kept doing AWOL until they were discharged. The American Civil Liberties Union filed a suit in Federal Court on July 15 in U.S. District Court against those responsible for the inhuman conditions of the brig. And at Fort Hood, Texas last week 100 black GIs refused to allow a brother to be ripped off by his MPs.

In-service protest is shifting from sit-ins to the Presidio blockade to armed resistance. Nine rifles, a grenade launcher, a .45 pistol and lots of ammunition were ripped off at Camp Pendleton, a California Marine base, and three pounds of TNT which had gone into the ozone at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin last month turned up with a boom in the installation's power, telephone and water facilities, and time bombs went off at the Armed Forces Police Station in San Francisco and under a 25 foot long model of a Nike missile at nearby Fort Scott.

The pressure of fighting to preserve the power of an elitist military government is leading to some heavy freakouts. George Hardin, an Army private, recently tried to hijack a Saigon-bound airliner to Hong Kong and a life away from the combat zone. His attempt failed,

but the example offered by the 12,000 members of the South Vietnamese Army who went over the hill in June surely will stir others to get out of the Great Machine.

The Overseas Regiment based at Fort Lewis, Washington, is having its woes. Five soldiers a week are refusing to go to Vietnam, either because of conscientious objections to all war or because they think the current Indochinese action is bogus. Disobeying orders carries a penalty of five years in peacetime and the death sentence during declared wars, but other sources report that the refusal rate is even higher at the Oakland Army Base Shipping Center a little down the coast.

The Movement For A Democratic Military, an organization which tries to insure that the basic rights of servicemen are protected and expanded, called a shuck at Fort Carson, Colorado. Carson, which is one of the Pentagon's two remaining training centers for riot control operations, recently instituted "Enlisted Men's Councils" to provide dialog with unhappy soldiers. Ten MDM members, who've wasted their time with similar energy drains at other bases, visited the base commander and announced a series of radical demands that were enough to make the CO choke on his swaguer stick. Word spread fast around the base that the Councils are just more of the same.

Hip-hip hooray to Spec 4 John R. Kuzan of the 204th Military Police Company at Fort Sheridan, who single-handedly barred several longhairs from entering the PX. Major General Barsanti, Colonel Richard Leonard and Captain John Ramos, Jr. sent our hero letters for his "commendable" and "exemplary" military manner.

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Like the twist, Beatlemania and Batman, "ecology" has become the latest Great American Fad.

These days, just about everyone claims to be front-line soldiers in the war against pollution. Every politician, every image-conscious corporation, every frustrated student and peacenik is out there creating a fuss, writing letters, making speeches, buying lead-free Amoco, and generally sounding like Scientific American in a last-ditch effort to Save Our Planet.

Well, ecology freaks, I've got some bad news for you. We've just about lost New York. Los Angeles and the Atlantic Ocean are next to go. Pretty soon you'll be able to run a picket line to General Motors by marching straight across Lake Michigan.

New York has really been a summer paradise. In the past few weeks a temperature inversion trapped the 94 degree heat over the city, so everybody who was rich enough to afford air conditioning or electric fans turned them on. Commonwealth Edison freaked out as two generator stations went up in smoke. Power was reduced in the city by almost ten percent. To make things mildly worse, most of the east coast went on a pollution alert. People were not only getting sick in New York but in Philadelphia, Atlanta and Chattanooga. Washington and Baltimore were also past the danger point.

Quick to react, the state and local officials in Ol' New York ordered drastic measures into effect. Mayor John Lindsay even ordered HALF the lights turned off at City Hall. Subway service was reduced thirty percent. The already unbearable telephone service went on emergency power. People stayed home and suffered.

Not content with the east coast almost getting wiped out, our federal government is trying to help things along by dumping 3,000 celebrated tons of "obsolete" nerve gas into the Atlantic Ocean near the Bahamas.

This whole operation is really very confusing. The Army (which used the gas) didn't define "obsolete," but you can bet you shouldn't blow up balloons with the stuff. Even more confusing is the dumping location, since to the best of this writer's knowledge, America isn't at war with the Bahamas—or the Atlantic Ocean.

Thus far, the Prime Minister of the Bahamas has protested the action, as has the government of Great

Britain, the governor of Florida, much of the Congress, and much of the American press. The United Nations is still protesting. As usual, the Army has shown they don't care who hitches; they've said they'll dump the gas anyway.

However, there is some good news to come out of the dumping. Georgia Governor Lester Maddox has volunteered to ride the train carrying the stuff out to Florida to prove the nerve gas is safe. Breathe deep, Lester.

If that hasn't brought you down, catch these death-briefs:

Last week, federal water officials discovered substantial amounts of lead and arsenic being poured into Louisiana waterways. The officials had been looking for mercury pollution at the time.

Mercury pollution HAS shown up in fish commonly eaten by people. Mercury has been shown to break down chromosomes, leading to malformed baby humans (remember the LSD-in-the-water myth?).

High bacteria counts and a lot of detergent waste boosted the state pollution level past the danger point at Rainbow, Calumet and Touhy beaches. Although the Park District decided against closing them down to protect the people, several north suburban beaches were declared off-limits.

Los Angeles was under a first-stage pollution alert during early August. Under a first-stage alert, motorists are supposed to curtail unnecessary driving and industries are supposed to either switch to natural gas fuel or close down until the end of the alert. A third-stage alert is a call to abandon ship.

It's been discovered that the amount of lead in the air has been increasing at the rate of five percent per year. The World Health Organization feels the level of lead is too high already.

Shell Oil Company is now advertising its new, non-leaded gasoline on the boob tube, talking about how they're combatting pollution and saving us all from extinction. An ad for their No-Pest strip follows—that's the stuff you're not supposed to use near food because it's made out of a type of nerve gas.

Scientists have discovered the damage caused by oil slicks is irreversible. Eating oil-infested foods can lead

to cancer.

There's more, a whole lot more. You can pick up any newspaper and read until your heart decays. And you thought people were taking care of the problem?

Ecology freaks, you've been had.

Major businesses are using the pollution scares as an excuse to raise prices and make more money. Everybody's making lead-free gas these days, and they're charging more for it than for the regular stuff. Old timers will remember back when leaded gasoline was introduced—"your car will run better FOR JUST A FEW PENNIES MORE." Now they'll keep the lead out and make you lungs run better, for just a few pennies more.

Con Edison has announced a rate increase, claiming with the added money they'll be able to stop polluting the air. Much the same way they've kept the air clean in New York, I suppose.

Check out any large-circulation magazine and you'll read dozens of full-page ads placed by big business talking about how they'll cleaning up the environment. Those ads cost \$10,000 each. If that money was spent DOING something about the environment instead of TALKING about it, the future would look far brighter.

In spite of the government's ecology talks, it continues to look the other way when the capitalists dump to dump its own nerve gas into the oceans.

Anybody who thinks the government is going to do something about pollution is being naive. The government has promised to get America out of Indo-China for the better part of the past decade; both Nixon and Johnson were elected for belching that very promise.

Your letters are being read by zombies. The money you are spending to clear up the environment is going straight into the fatcat's pockets.

Nothing short of revolution is going to clean up the planet. Pollution is too profitable for anything else to work. The pigs polluting the globe are the same pigs who have institutionalized racism and sexism and kept us in Vietnam.

Ten years of Movement politics show that nothing can be done by writing letters, marching in picket lines and organizing piddly little boycotts. The way to deal with pigs is to deal with them—directly.

Mike Gold

When I was five years old we got a television set, and it was not long before Howdy Doody replaced my parents at the dinner table (which itself became the TV tray). After I outgrew him, there was the Mickey Mouse Club gang, and after them, Dick Clark's American Bandstand, and then the evening shows, and finally, the all-night movies. In short, anything to escape my parents.

Or so I thought, since the TV turned out to be a super-parent—everything they stood for and more. My mother didn't have to nag me about Wendy Wasp down the street because I had Annette Funicello as a model of what a young girl should be (true to form, she has moved along to motherhood and commercials for baby shampoo). And my father could punctuate his law'n'order monologues with timely selections from Dragnet, Highway Patrol, and Treasury Men in Action.

We must know our enemy, as J. Edgar Hoover would say. There's more to the tube than meets the eye. In this country, even the air waves are property; the Federal Communications Commission leases them out (in the "public interest" yet) to private broadcasters who then sell time for shows. What you see on TV winds up being determined by fifty top advertisers, three networks, and about a dozen ad agencies (this from an article by Ralph Lee Smith in the May 18 *Nation*.) . . .

For the time being, at least, the revolutionary potential of television—a technological coup if there ever was one—has been swallowed up by the existing (corporate) structure. And needless to say, the latest "progress products" of the television industry are used in such a way as to reinforce that structure—better profits, not better living, through industry.

Like the frontier, the air waves are finite—only so many stations (a maximum of 12, to be exact) can co-exist at the frequency used for commercial television, and these were leased out long ago. So now technology has come up with two other ways of getting programs onto television screens—cable TV and videotape cassettes. Cable TV, very simply, broadcasts through underground cables (like the telephone company's but more complex) instead of air waves. This means 80 new channels, doled out by municipal governments; but if the police force changes its uniform from FCC to city council and sells franchises instead of licenses, the power play continues undisturbed. According to Smith in the *Nation*, over half of the cable systems have already been bought up by the broadcasting industry and the telephone company (that's what those Comtel trucks are about in New York City). In Austin, Texas for example, Lady Birdy Johnson's

Texas Broadcasting Company owns KTBC-AM, KTBC-TV, and now, 84% of the Capital Cable Company. (KKK?)

Videotape cassettes promise about the same degree of status quo in TV fare. Videotape is an electronic recording medium—like a tape recording with light patterns as well as sound. Just about everything that isn't broadcast live on television has been recorded on videotape, which has the advantage, over film, of instant replay. So now there are going to be TV programs packaged in cassette form for commercial distribution, like music cassettes. But once again the name's the same: reports *Variety* (April 8, 1970), "The projection for the audio-visual cassette business is \$10,000,000,000 in sales by the end of the decade," going on to say that the two major manufacturers at the present time are none other than CBS and RCA . . .

So far, the only people who have tried to expropriate that technology are artists—the media freaks who managed to cut through the industry bullshit and pick up on the TV camera as a super-tool in the super-electronic age. The breakthrough came with closed circuit television and videotape, which get around the broadcasting hassles with a direct hookup between camera and screen or tape and screen (like the jobs the Man uses to catch shoplifters). There is now a sizeable videotape movement and even an underground newsletter (Radical Software—51 Fifth Ave. NYV 10003).

But the avant-garde isn't necessarily fighting the same battle as the people's liberation army. Pigamerika says "Progress is our most important product" and uses the tube as a talking billboard. The alternative culture says, "We're just doing our thing," and uses the tube as a mirror (progress replaces product). But the revolution is saying "Smash the State," and if it needs mirrors more than billboards, it needs weapons most of all. TV has to be used to mass an attack on the system which it has been perpetuating. Monitors have to turn up at breakfast programs, at clinics, women's centers, free schools, every place where people get together, so that they can have control over the news of their own lives as a step towards seizing total control—instant replay of community events, raps about living and working conditions, survival, first-aid. Right now there is something in New York called the People's Video Theater which could be moving in this direction. They show their tapes in a loft (540???? Sixth Avenue; tel. 691-3254) on Thursday through Sunday nights. A few weeks ago, when they first opened, they had a kind of news coverage of the Central Park Gay-In during Gay Pride Week and a Washington demonstration, a rap with the Young Lords Min-

ister of Health in the barrio, two street-corner polls. Neither the politics nor the camera-work was exquisite, but the tapes were direct and personal and powerful. The people who run the theater recognize the limitations of a centralized operation, but they are trying, on the one hand, to relate to their immediate neighborhood, and on the other, to make their equipment available to outside groups for community videotape projects.

The biggest obstacle is, of course, money. Video equipment is costly—Global Village, a "video gallery" on Broome Street which features nine monitors, Abbie Hoffman and a three dollar admission charge, is a \$30,000 investment. But the People's Video Theater, with two (used) monitors, and large contributions box, was set up for \$1500, and even that figure can be cut down. When cassettes come in, for one thing, video equipment is going to be standardized, which means instant obsolescence and drastic price cuts for anyone who doesn't particularly care about tuning into CBS or RCA. And as more electronics freaks get into video, regular TV sets can be reclaimed from the street and made into monitors, and castoff cameras and tape decks can be rebuilt. It's worth the effort—"The more you attacked us, the more we laughed," said Tat. "You gave us handkerchiefs made out of nylon parachutes, cups from the shells of pellet bomblets, plowshares from bomb casings, and aluminum cooking utensils from the metal of your planes which we shot down. You said you would bomb us back to the stone age," Tat grinned. "But instead you brought us to the age of aluminum." (From an interview with a North Vietnamese provincial official, by Robert S. Boyd, LNS, June 3, 1970)—*Liberated Guardian*

The Better Broadcasting Council is a non-profit organization pushing for greater network responsibility and less concern with net profits. It does not push for popular ownership of mass communications, but is mounting a challenge against some of the more blatant right-wing radio and TV stations broadcasting around Chicago. It is also prodding Alderman Wigoda's hearings to determine who will run cable TV in Chicago.

Licenses for all Illinois and Wisconsin stations expire on December 1, 1970. Applications must be filed by September 1st. The Better Broadcasting Council hopes to pose stiff opposition, but it needs your help. Report all stations that don't do public service announcements, that misrepresent radical/hip activities, that discriminate on racial and sexual grounds, and that distort goings-on in greater Chicago to Richard Freer, c/o Better Broadcasting Council, 53 West Jackson or call 973-7153. Monitor your favorite right-wing station today!

This is the last year of the rock festival. Sorry, but there aren't going to be any more Woodstocks. It's a dead ritual now; an empty form. What has been said about the Altamont disaster -- that it created all the problems of Amerika, dehumanization, congestion, violence, exploitation, and pollution, in 24 hours -- can safely be said about any festival these days. We can now add the fatal comment -- they are boring.

Went to two festervilles on two successive weekends -- the Galena-Wadena in Iowa, and the Goose Lake in Michigan. Galena was an organizational disaster, with water shortages, rebellious and unpaid stage crews, non-appearing groups and incoherent raps from the stage. An injunction against the festival was in effect until 6 PM on Friday, and that, plus scattered thunderstorms through the Midwest, kept attendance down even though the site was dry. Perhaps 10,000 people were gathered on a 320-acre farm that the festival producers had bought the week before. It was hot, Iowa-style, with a ferocious sun and a stiff northwest breeze which kept the dust in the air. Countless small planes, as many as 20 in one time, buzzed and swooped around the site like persistent and very loud flies, in complete disregard of FAA and commonsense safety rules. A mid-air collision over the site would have killed hundreds, yet the insurance executives and rich farmers from Des Moines and DuBuque spent three solid days circling at 500 feet, gaping at the wildlife from a safe distance.

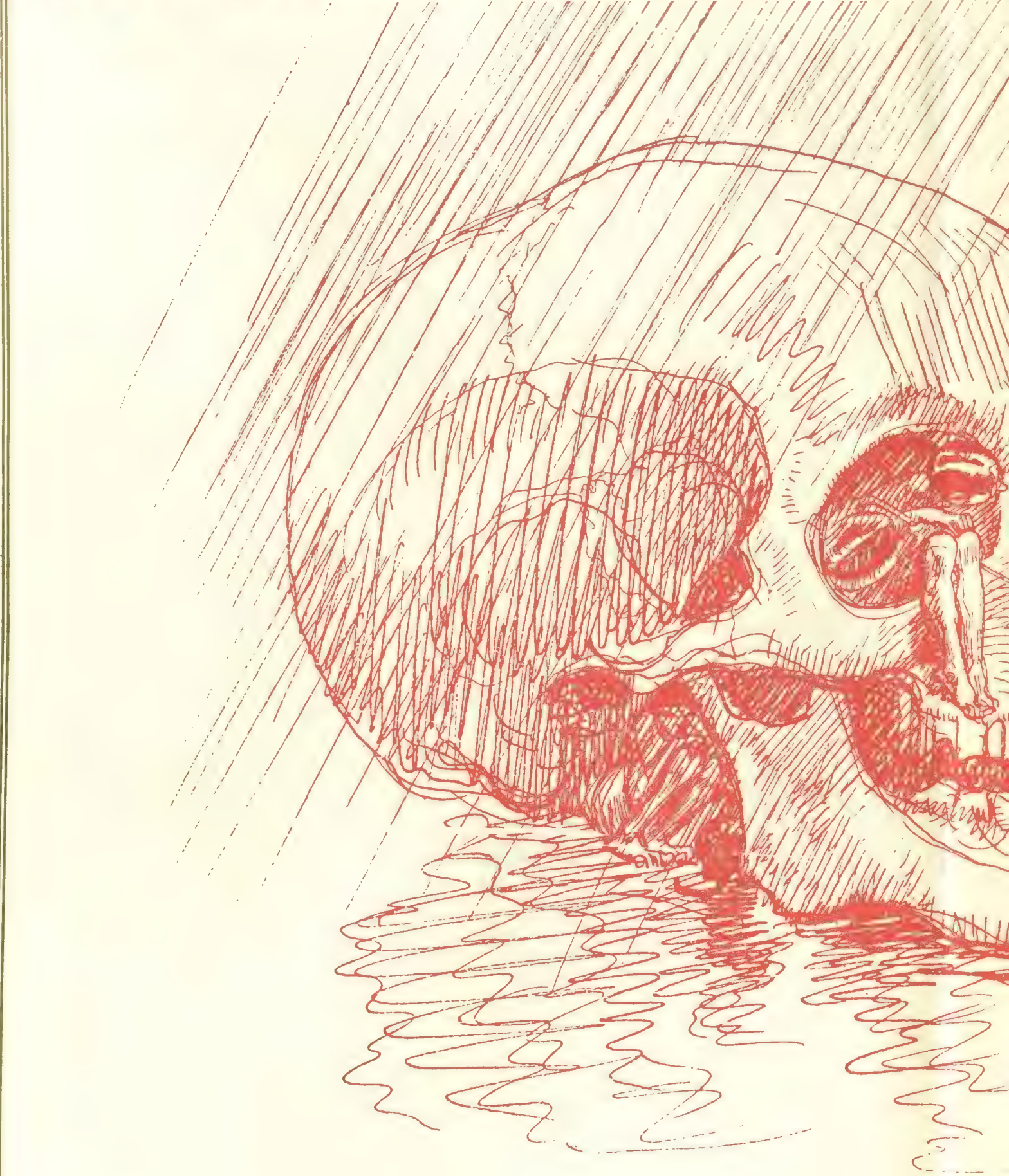
The sun and the dust and the constant subliminal buzz lent a gritty, desperate quality to life in front of the stage. A rutty dirt track paralleled the stage about 500 feet out, and the merchants chose it as a likely place to exhibit their wares. Every conceivable variety of dope was on sale, most of it mediocre-to-poor, some of it downright bad. After about two years of adverse publicity about THC, you'd think that everyone must know that it's just low-grade horse trunk, yet people will still line up to buy it, paying ten times what they'd pay for ordinary downers. In tribute to either brotherhood or the free enterprise system, prices were at an all-time low--\$1 for acid, \$10 for good lids, etc. Grass didn't sell too well because there was acres of the stuff growing at the site; otehrwise, anyone with anything to sell did a land-office business. The big hit was nitrous oxide (laughing gas) at a quarter a balloonful; it was so successful that it's sure to be a fixture at any festival from now on. The road, quickly christened State Street, was a constant glut of buyers and sellers shuffling slowly, squinting into the dust and sun. Last year, Abe Peck used these pages to describe the patrons of the Atlanta Pop Festival as looking like they'd all been hit over the head with a ball-peen hammer. These people looked the same, except now you can see the dents a whole lot clearer. Spaced owe-you-tee. If the moon had shown through the haze at night, I'm sure they would have sat on their haunches and howled. Anyone who manages to see God deserved to advance directly to Go. By the end the place looked like a set for a plane-crashed-in-the-desert movie.

However, there was a redeeming aspect--a river half a mile away, big enough for a lot of people to get comfortable in. As is customary, half-naked and naked hippies dotted the river and one shore, while gawking locals lined the opposite one--a safe distance away, to be sure. The locals were a fairly benevolent and extremely shy nuisance, and could be easily ignored--or driven off by the slightest attempt to talk to them. Here, at least, you could relax your mind and float downstream, and the delicate intricacies in people's heads could unfold in the shade. Some enterprising souls built a dam of rocks which made an excellent, relatively deep pool with tinkling rapids below. Others built complicated rock piles, carefully balanced against the rushing water. Since it was built by hippies, small parts of it kept collapsing, only to be rearranged by a three-man repair crew. Spectators were treated to a slow-motion construction kaleidoscope performed by "no-clothes" instead of hard-hats. Naked guys outnumbered naked girls ten to one, but there were plenty of both. Any gaping done on our side of the river was done discretely.

Back in the arena, things got progressively worse. Something's happened to rockfest people. There are as many shorthairs as genuine longhairs, and I'm talking about lifestyle as well as hairlength. The vast majority of guys have carefully regulated over-the-collar acceptable hair, too long to be straight but still not TOO long. Got a job to keep, you know. I don't know how many of them think of themselves as observers and how many as part of what's happening, but the ratio here was not favorable. Every type of straight was in evidence, and too many brought their repressions along with them.

Seems to me that the death of pop festivals parallels the death of the Haight-Ashbury. A farout scene to begin with, openness, sharing, community, and generally involved people. Then the Mass Media moves in--Boom! slick magazines, movies, blah blah. Then comes a peculiar characteristic which a large chunk of America, young and old alike, seem to share, composed of two beliefs:

AMERICA SMOKES...





...AND GOES HOME

one, they themselves are bored and uninteresting; two something fantastically exciting and interesting is going on somewhere else, and, if only they could find it, they'd have it made without having to do anything else. So, when the Mass Media find something and mediafy it, make it larger than life, hordes of people instantly descend on it and make it dirty, crowded, uninhabitable and desperate. The sole exceptions are events which appear dangerous enough to weed out the pleasure pilgrims, like the Democratic Convention. Never let it be said that these people want to be where it's at badly enough to risk getting hurt.

So the Haight and the festivals have been inundated by the leeches, empty-eyed parasites looking for a Mecca--any Mecca--which doesn't require that they give anything of themselves to be part of it. The creators of the scene flee to the mountains, and the swollen, distended, false paradise slowly collapses of its own weight. The plea of the original inhabitants--"We can't support all of you. We can't hand liberation on a platter to everyone and anyone. Make your own community. It's really very easy. Just open up and let it happen--is so much straw in the wind. Hippies used to be compared to the early Christians. If the Mass Media had been around in 100 AD, we'd probably all be Moslems now.

Which brings us to Goose Lake. Goose Lake drew maybe 100,000, ten times Galena, with almost exactly the same lineup of acts. Why? No injunctions and massive publicity. People don't come for the music, it's all ritual. Goose Lake is a "permanent festival site" and has the most evil vibes of any festival ground I've ever seen. Barbed wire, topped with a strand of electrified wire, surrounds the site. Bath/shower/stage are built with no funk or imagination, concrete and steel monsters straight from the suburbs. The site is dusty, so those clever promoters have spread oil all over the parking lots and roads. A beautiful marsh lies along one side of the site, lillies and cattails and swordgrass, frogs and turtles and geese--that's right, Goose Lake. So what are they doing? Dredging it, all of it! A living marsh being turned into a dead lake so the beautiful people can take a swim. Aggh! All in all, the vibes of the place are about the same as a honko country club. And the people--well, the consciousness, spirit and behavior of the people is about the same as a hot day on the Oak St. Beach. Every girl--I mean every girl--is wearing a bikini, or a bikini top and pants. There is no nakedness, guys or girls, at all. In the dredged part of the swamp, a few guys go naked, but they are quickly stared into self-consciousness.

At first, no-one paid any attention to how the bathrooms were labeled. Then, a whole lot of girls, every bit as ashamed of their bodies as their mothers are, freak out, and a whole lot of guys, every bit as horny and ugly as their fathers are, start hanging out in the girl's washrooms. So bathroom segregation is re-established, and, worst of all, it is done in the name of Women's Liberation! Liberated to shave their legs and put on their makeup and adjust their bikinis in privacy. And in a way it's not their fault; the only cure--massive nakedness--would have led to mass rape. Then again, bikinis always do that shit. Their psychological message is: "Boy, I've got it, but you better believe you can't have it." They're destructive of body liberation because they're made for gaping and flaunting. At Woodstock, nobody wore them. You had your choice: you were dressed or you weren't.

It's out of sight for straights to show up at rock-fests, but they never seem to get the message. They just stare and play their sexual games, which always end up with rape, and everybody is bummed out by the uptight, aggressive atmosphere.

100,000 of the same people who were at Wadena came in their Pontiacs and set up their Sears tents and cooked dinner on their EZ-grille barbeques with briquets and charcoal lights and donned their \$13.95 bell-bottom pants and \$8 tie-dyed strappies--whoops, here we call them tank-tops--and then they wondered why they weren't in Woodstock heaven. So they went out and bought some brown mescaline and took that and then some yellow acid and then some THC and then some crystal and then some Ripple and then they walked up and down next to the arena looking at each other and the whole scene looked like Fellini's 'Satyricon: weird, desperate, cacaphanous, inhuman. If this is the New Nation, I'm gonna be an expatriot.

Woke up the first morning I was here and looked out over the marsh. Beautiful flights of geese through the dawnlit mist. Small motion caught my eye--a large frog, hidden by dead leaves, watching me as I watched him. Three chickenshit-length haired fellas see it too--"Hey, lookit that! A frog or somethin. Wow, what IS it?" And what do they do, without hesitation, without a thought?" Throw rocks at it. They missed, and the frog escaped into the swordgrass. He won't escape the dredge, though; that frog will have no descendants.

Armando

female schizophrenia

In our society, where competitive individualism and the cash nexus are the dominant values, men are raised to see the world as a series of "challenges." They are taught to view everyone as a competitor for money, prestige, women, and the rest; and to be constantly on guard. American men are brought up, moreover, to see these challenges in sexual terms, as if each involved their "masculinity," and to meet each embryonic threat with the maximum aggressive response.

They are taught that to be masculine is to be physically and verbally aggressive, hyper-active sexually, authoritarian in manner, and capable of abstract thought. Being observant of the ordinary details of daily life is not considered part of being masculine. Men are taught to chart the stars in their courses, but not to notice when someone in the room has been crying. Or, if they are forced to notice, to regard it as a threat and act aggressively or condescendingly or helplessly. Sensitivity to other people's needs is considered, in our society, to be feminine. So is vulnerability to other people. The ideal American male, in terms of the dominant values of our society, is a competitive machine, competent, achieving, hard-driving, and soulless, with a sexual life, but no personal life. Fortunately, most men can't live up to this ideal; but the strain of trying is considerable.

Further, men are relatively unaware of their social environment because they don't have to be. It's not their job. They don't have to notice the comparative cost and beauty of various costumes. They don't have to be tuned in to the nuances of social behavior so that they can please those whom it is essential to please. They don't have to listen for footsteps behind them in the street at night (thought they have to more than they used to). The passing scene presents no social opportunities to them which must be seized or forever lost. Men are taught to be active, to go and seek what they need; not to look pretty and wait for it to come into their vicinity. Men don't observe each passing cloud over human relations as if their whole future depended on it.

There's a reason for that: it doesn't. Women are hyper-aware of their surroundings. They have to be. Walk down a city street without being tuned in and you're in real danger; our society is one in which men rape, mug, and murder women whom they don't even know every day. You'd better keep track of what car is slowing down, and of who is walking up behind you.

You must be constantly on the watch for other reasons. Without this radar, how can you be sure of taking advantage of your opportunities? The role you have been given is a passive one; you can't go out and promote what you want, but must think fast and grab it as it flies past. You must be prepared to return the right kind of smile to passing Prince Charmings. And since your role also includes being a mediator between the men in your life and their acquaintances, you must also be perpetually on guard to smooth out a fight, be conciliatory or forgiving or cute, and keep unpleasant things from happening.

The self-consciousness and consciousness of others that is trained into women is necessary, but it is also extreme and oppressive. There's a lot to be said for being conscious of other people's behavior and needs; and even the self-effacing emotional service-station aspect of many women's behavior is preferable to the unconsciousness bred into men. But the price is high. Since our awareness of others is considered our duty, our job, the price we pay when things go wrong is guilt, self-hatred. And things always go wrong. We respond with apologies; we continue to apologize long after the event is forgotten—and even if it had no causal relation to anything we did to begin with. If the rain spoils someone's picnic, we apologize. We apologize for taking up space in a room, for living. How willingly we would suffer to prevent someone else a moment's discomfort! This is one of the hardest habits to break. And it's a vicious circle—our self-hating desire to preserve men from the consciousness of the pain they are causing enables them to remain unaware that they are causing it, and thus to remain less human than they could be. If we could only break out of this circle, stop apologizing and effacing ourselves, and live less tortuously! But of course there are reasons brought up to be like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, with pieces carved out of their selves so they can fit into one another in the neurotic dependence most of us call love. If you make yourself whole, where are you going to find a jigsaw puzzle to fit into?

But those pieces that have been taken out of our heads! The self-consciousness we are filled with! It is so painful, so physical. We are taught to feel that our only asset is our physical presence, that that is all other people notice about us. The most minute blemish on a total person—a pimple, excess weight, a funny nose, larger than average breasts—can ruin a day, or years, with the agonies of constant awareness of it. The whole world is looking only at that pimple! These agonies are adolescent and excessive, if considered from a detached viewpoint. It is precisely in adolescence that we become conscious of how immensely we are impinged on by the world, how easily it can destroy us, how much we must have on the ball to survive. It is as we grow older that we desensitize ourselves and block out these agonies of consciousness in order to function. But we pay the price of false consciousness.

We have to face the fact that pieces have been cut out of us to make us fit into this society. We have to try to imagine what we could have been if we hadn't been taught from birth that we are stupid, unable to analyze anything, "intuitive," passive, physically weak, hysterical, overemotional, dependent by nature, incapable of defending ourselves against any attack, fit only to be the housekeeper, sex object, and emotional service center for some man, or men, and children. And that only if we're lucky—otherwise we must act out a commercial mockery of even these roles as someone's secretary!

We didn't get this way by heredity or by accident. We have been molded into these deformed postures, pushed into these service jobs, made to apologize for existing, taught to be unable to do anything requiring any strength at all, like opening doors or bottles. We have been told to be stupid, to be silly. We have had our mental and emotional feet bound for thousands of years. And the fact that some of the pieces that have been cut out of us are ones we can never replace or reconstruct—an ego, self-confidence, an ability to make choices—is the most difficult of all to deal with.

All of the women I know who have done things, jumped hurdles, and stepped even a pace outside of the charmed circle of the bourgeois family, have had to face the damage that has been done to them, and struggle with the rules they have internalized. To some of us, this process has taken the form of a "nervous breakdown"; for others, a long period of sheer personal horror; to others, a more drawn-out process of repeatedly sinking under despair, and rising again. I think that for some of my generation, caught in the kind of double binds we have all been caught in, it is impossible to achieve revolutionary consciousness without some sort of confrontation with the self. Politically, this is both a weakness and a strength. It is an asset to come to political understanding through personal pain: it makes possible a gut understanding of how society works as a system dependent on the personal suffering and deprivation of each of us. Such understanding is a help in building a revolutionary movement. Only by realizing what we might have been, can we imagine how different women in a post-revolutionary society might be able to be. But knowing that we cannot achieve this ourselves, that no matter how we struggle we are still in some part of ourselves "damaged goods" (to use the appropriate capitalist terminology), that we can see what has gone wrong within ourselves, and still be unable to put it permanently right—this is very painful and discouraging. But it is necessary: it is this realization that makes it evident that there really are no individual solutions to woman's oppression, no way that one can float free of our society and its conditioning. The pain of it makes us realize, in our everyday lives, that social change is absolutely necessary.

As Lucy Stone put it almost a century ago:

In education, in marriage, in everything, disappointment is the lot of women. It shall be the business of my life to deepen this disappointment in every woman's heart until she bows down to it no longer.

The things that mess us up are so built into the structure of society that only the most radical of social changes—one far more radical in its attack on the basic institutions of this society that traps us, and far more drastic in the changes it effects on human consciousness, than previous revolutions—has a chance of doing the job, of freeing us and freeing those who will be born out of our lives.

II. Female Schizophrenia

A young woman is walking down a city street. She is excruciatingly aware of her appearance and of the reaction to it (imagined or real) of every person she meets. She walks through a group of construction workers who are eating lunch in a line along the pavement. Her stomach tightens with terror and revulsion; her face becomes contorted into a grimace of self-control and fake unawareness; her walk and carriage become stiff and dehumanized. No matter what they say to her, it will be unbearable. She knows that they will not physically assault her or hurt her. They will only do so metaphorically. What they will do is impinge on her. They will demand that her thoughts be focussed on them. They will use her body with their eyes. They will evaluate her market price. They will comment on her defects, or compare them to those of other passers-by. They will make her a participant in their fantasies without asking if she is willing. They will make her feel ridiculous, or grotesquely sexual, or hideously ugly. Above all, they will make her feel like a thing.

You can say what you like about class and race. Those differences are real. But in this everyday scenario, any man on earth, no matter what his color or class is, has the power to make any woman who is exposed to him hate herself and her body. Any man has this power as man, the dominant sex, to dehumanize woman, even to herself.

No woman can have an autonomous self unaffected by such encounters. Either she remains sensitive and vulnerable to this pain; or she shuts it out, by saying, "It's only my body they are talking about. It doesn't affect me. They know nothing about me." Whatever the process, the solution is a split between mind and body, between one self and another. One may hate the body and consider the mind the real "self." One may glorify the body, as a means of satisfying one's desires by becoming an instrument to satisfy the desires of others; in this case the body becomes a thing, and the mind a puppeteer to manipulate it.

Both of these solutions (and most of us get sucked into one or the other) can be called schizophrenic. R.D. Laing defines schizophrenia as a social process in The Politics of Experience:

...no schizophrenic has been studied whose disturbed patterns of communication has not been shown to be a reflection of, and reaction to, the disturbed and disturbing pattern characterizing his or her family of origin. . . . When one person comes to be regarded as schizophrenic, it seems that without exception the experiences and behavior that gets labelled schizophrenic is a special strategy that a person invents in order to live in an unlivable situation.

In The Divided Self, Laing describes the experience of schizophrenia, the contradictory kind of self-consciousness that extends to one's very existence, that is, who is literally not sure he exists:

1. Being aware of himself and knowing that other people are aware of him are a means of assuring himself that he exists, and also that they exist The need to gain a conviction of his own aliveness and the realness of things is, therefore, the basic issue in his existence. His way of seeking to gain such conviction is by feeling himself to be an object in the real world; but, since his world is unreal, he must be an object in the world of someone else, for objects to other people seem to be real

2. In a world full of danger, to be a potentially seeable object is to be constantly exposed to danger. Self-consciousness, then, may be the apprehensive awareness of oneself as potentially exposed to danger by the simple fact of being visible to others. The obvious defense against such a danger is to make oneself invisible in one way or another. (Penguin edition, pp. 108-109.)

Let us translate this into the terms of everyday life; go into the mind of a woman who is confined to her house, who goes out only to shop, to visit other women, or to chauffeur her kids, and whose only work, or function, is to take care of a man and some children. For her the contradiction will present itself in this way:

"I am nothing when I am by myself. In myself, I am nothing. I only know that I exist because I am needed

by someone who is real, my husband, and by my children. My husband goes out into the real world. Other people recognize him as real, and take him into account. He effects other people and events. He does things and changes things and they are different afterwards. I stay in my imaginary world in this house, doing jobs that I largely invent, and that no-one cares about but myself. I do not change things. The work I do changes nothing; what I cook disappears, what I clean one day must be cleaned again the next. I seem to be involved in some sort of mysterious process rather than actions that have results.

"The only time that I think I might be real in myself is when I hear myself screaming or having hysterics. But it is at these times that I am in the most danger—of being told that I am wrong, or that I'm really not like what I'm acting like, or that he hates me. If he stops loving me, I'm sunk, I won't have any purpose in life, or be sure I exist any more. I must efface myself in order to avoid this, and not make any demands on him, or do anything that might offend him. I feel dead now, but if he stops loving me I am really dead, because I am nothing by myself. I have to be noticed to know I exist.

"But if I efface myself, how can I be noticed?"

It is a basic contradiction.

Laing explores it further. His language is extreme, since he is describing extreme states; but they are only heightened versions of what most of us go through at some point in our lives, or every day.

As a death ray, consciousness has two main properties: its power to petrify (to turn to stone; to turn oneself or the other into things); and its power to penetrate. Thus, if it is in these terms that the gaze of others is experienced, there is a constant dread and resentment at being penetrated by him, and a sense of being in someone else's power and control. Freedom then consists in being inaccessible.

To turn people into stone is the ultimate way of objectifying them. To be able to penetrate them is to be able to see through them: the slang is an accurate description of that feeling: "I can see right through you" means "You don't fool me; I see what you're really like."

In the walking-down-the-street scenario, our heroine can experience verbal assault in four different ways:

1) She can turn the construction workers to stone: "Look at them—what a mechanical response—they are like puppets. I don't have to listen to them. I can black them right out. I can petrify them with a look. How dare they speak to me!"

2) She can see right through them: "How ridiculous they are, to think they can attract me by behaving so obnoxiously. They are pathetic and gross. Probably no one loves them. They can't fool me. I know what they are really like, even if they're trying to act big." She may exchange a look with them, nod graciously, or ignore them.

3) Inversely, she can experience these states as projections onto the group of men:

4) "Look at them staring at me! I'm petrified! What will they do? I can't move fast enough to get away! My hands and feet are so cold. I feel as if I'm moving through ice water. I will turn into a block of ice if I don't get away."

5) "I feel as if I'm naked—so ashamed. They are pretending to think I'm pretty, just so they can make fun of me. They know what I'm really like, that this dress and makeup are just a fake to hide my ineptness, terror, and ugliness. I feel like I'm being broken into little bits." She will walk miserably by like a dead thing.

These states of mind are heightened, metaphoric reflections of the real conditions of a woman's life in our

society. For a woman is either an object (turned to stone), belonging to some man and getting her money, status, friends, and very identity from her association with him—or else she is nowhere, disappeared, teetering on the edge of a void with no work to do and no felt identity at all.

From the earliest age a girl is deprived of a sense of herself (ego), the sense of having an identity separate from other people's evaluations of her. She is also deprived of a sense of her own competence, of her ability to do and understand things. She is told she must be pretty and sweet; she must be loveable; she mustn't make messes or play rough; she must perform services for Mommy and Daddy and be useful. How different this is from the way boys are socialized—they know they will be loved even if they make messes, stay out late without phoning, get dirty, and act like brats. That's what boys are supposed to do: have strong, competitive egos. Whereas girls are taught to see themselves as objects rather than subjects (if only by being continually told what they look like, and how important it is to have other people like them). They are taught to be charming, yet passive. They are taught to fail at most activities, so as not to be threatening or "unfeminine." They are taught to be of "service" to others, not to themselves, so that when they grow up they can be a wife and mother like their Mommy.

Women are stupified, made stupid, by the roles they are pushed into. Books on educational psychology always remark the junior high and high school years as ones in which the boys "catch up" to the girls, and begin to surpass them scholastically and on IQ tests. It's no accident that these years are the ones of increased social pressure upon girls to take up their post-pubescent feminine roles and learn to live with them. It's not that the boys are growing smarter; the girls are becoming stupified! Their IQ's—which, it is now recognized, are largely determined by social pressure and by the subject's expectations and sense of his own worth—continue to decline.

But this training in stupidity starts long before puberty. It starts before the small girl has enough ego to resist it. A teacher's training course at Boston University, that a friend of mine is taking, started with a snappy lecture on how children learn to read. The lecturer was a progressive educator; he believed in teaching people differently, according to the educational method most appropriate to them. "Little boys learn by taking things apart; they like to know how things work. The way to teach them to read is to show them an object, like a toy truck, and teach them the names of its different parts. They learn best through tactile and mechanical tools, so that's how to teach them language. Little girls learn best by rote. They learn faster than boys for this reason. All you have to do is show them flashcards." My friend was enraged: "But don't you see that that's how girls get this way," she said; "that's why we're unable to think!" The teacher admitted that the question might ultimately be one of socialization rather than nature, but "After all, you have to teach them the way they learn best, no matter what the cause is. And it makes your job easier—they're easier to teach." Less demanding. And so the cycle is perpetuated.

This remorseless stifling of a girl's intelligence and ego, this socialization into a life of service, this continued undermining of any possibility of independent achievement outside of the prescribed realm, all constitute a condition one could describe as female schizophrenia. Most women suffer from some form of it at some point in their lives. And most of them think of it as a "personal problem" rather than a social disease. That's part of the way they're trapped. For this condition is too widespread and too structurally based to be merely "personal"

in origin. Our society could be described as one which drives women crazy.

Many women are so systematically deprived of an ego that they must constantly refer to a mirror, to their physical presence, to reassure themselves that they are actually there, still in one piece. Women's lives are a series of small dramas in which they play shifting defensive roles. The necessity to do so is real, for they are under economic necessity, and often physical constraint as well, to faithfully play the parts of sister, daughter, wife, mother and lover. Many women see that these are a collection of roles, but the face behind the shifting masks is a mystery even to themselves. The only constant in their lives is misery and a never-ending unsureness of themselves. A woman must, in order to make it as a woman, reflect the desires and preconceptions of every man who has power over her. Otherwise she is out of a job, out of her parents' house, out of a marriage, with no available slot left to fill. Women have to play at being themselves—that is, their nice selves, the selves made to order on standard patterns. "Just be yourself, dear," we are told as we go off to the prom. And we wonder, "What does that mean? What am I expected to do?"

The greatest women writers, in all ages, have recorded the effects of such expectations upon their mind.

A contemporary novelist, Anais Nin, writes of such things at length in her diaries. The following excerpts are from her *Diary, 1931-1934* (Harcourt, Brace & World, and the Swallow Press, 1966):

They all want to sanctify me, to turn me into an effigy, a myth. They want to idealize me and pray to me, use me for consolation, comfort. Curse my image, the image of me which faces me every day with the same over-fineness, over-delicacy, the pride, the vulnerability which makes people want to preserve me, treat me with care. Curse my eyes which are sad, and deep, and my hands which are delicate, and my walk which is a glide, my voice which is a whisper, all that can be used for a poem, and too fragile to be raped, violated, used. I am near death from solitude, near dissolution.

I have always been tormented by the image of multiplicity of selves. Some days I call it a richness, and other days I see it as a disease, a proliferation as dangerous as cancer. My first concept of people about me was that all of them were coordinated into a whole, whereas I was made up of a multitude of selves, of fragments.

There were always, in me, two women at least, one woman desperate and bewildered, who felt she was drowning, and another who only wanted to bring beauty, grace, and aliveness to people, and who would leap into a scene, as upon a stage, conceal her true emotions because they were weaknesses, helplessness, despair, and present to the world only a smile, an eagerness, curiosity, enthusiasm, interest.

From the day she learns to understand signals, all a woman hears is a series of contradictory instructions and conflicting descriptions of the way she is to look and behave. She must be sexy and a virgin at once. She must be appreciative, yet challenging. She must be strong, yet weak. Vulnerable, yet able to protect herself. Smart enough to get a man, but not smart enough to threaten him, or, rather, smart enough to conceal her intelligence and act manipulatively. Desired by all, but interested only in one. Sophisticated, yet naive at heart. And so on down the line.

These contradictory injunctions are, of course, most acute in the realm of sexual behavior. For the first part of their lives, until they leave for college (if they do),

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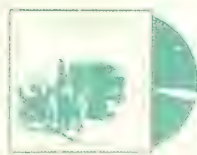
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YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

Once there was a way. . . to get back homeward. . .
— the Beatles

Homeward. . . Home. . . maybe that's where it all begins. . . I was a scared and lonely kid. . . insecure. . . I felt inadequate. . . I didn't know if people liked me. . . I didn't know what I could achieve. . . or if I could do anything. . . But there was a way. . . I could make it. . . I was covered. . . I was important. . . I was "special". . . "Just look out for number one". . . look at the light before you cross the street. . . make sure the teacher likes you. . . Put up a good front. . .

Well, you know the rest. . . you did it. . . maybe you're still doing it...maybe I still am too...I felt pushed around...nervous...I played "roles" even before I ran across the word...Everything was a victory or a defeat...I would never relax...I had to compete...If I couldn't do something (like athletics, which I was always poor at) I would denigrate it (and neglect my body as a result)...never let other people understand you or know you (they might figure you out...they might see thru you)...

High School...I moved from Chicago to the suburbs...few friends...different games...enforced isolation...self-imposed...staying up nights planning responses to conversations that might happen the next day...reading science fiction—a different novel every day...Politics seemed sort of interesting too—an area to speculate in...not much to worry about there either...Elbie Jay versus Barry Goldwasser? Gulf of Tonkin? Geneva Accords? Great Academic Debates... Something to Know About...Win Respect...Impress People...

Later, (but oh so long ago)...I get really wrapped up "involved" in The Radical Movement...long endless nights of folding, stamping, collating, typing and addressing envelopes, passing out anti-war leaflets at State and Madison, like they were manna from heaven...excitement, Something is Happening... long endless debates about Programs, Resolutions, Anti-Draft, Involving the Local Community, Is Non-Violence the answer, Do We Need a Revolution, a Revolutionary Party, We Should all think of ourselves as Organizers, How Can we make it relevant to Black People? Getting Elected to the Steering Committee...on the bus to Washington... marching thru the Loop...It was the best of times...

And yet...I lived the same...I entered college...I "majored in" sociology...still a fear of "commitment"... holding on to something...other people turned in, burned their draft cards...for a while I kept my II-S...then, as expected, I gave it up...but there was still the hanging on, the "search for a way out..." Learn the appeals process backwards and forward...all the ploys...they'll never get me...take your physical...don't sign the loyalty oath...they reject for an "ingrown toenail..." Still holding on...a charmed life... all those demonstrations and you weren't even arrested...Then I am and that isn't even so bad...a nice "clean" bust from a sit-in at college—and the charges are dropped—a slap on the wrist...Come on in the water's fine...the first few hesitant steps forward... What am I afraid of?...

Campus newspaper...say what you like, but smile at the administrators...after all, it's not a question of "personalities"? is it? They're all nice guys when you get to know them...might as well be polite...You live in the city...slumming in the poor neighborhood but back to the suburbs for your money...

I make speeches...I have the word...arrogant son of a bitch...No one else knows a thing...People are really backward...they better start listening to me, listening to Us.

"We are not advocates of war, we are advocates of the abolition of war, But in order to put down the gun, it is necessary to take up the gun"

—Mao

"Try to understand this at any rate: if violence began this very evening and if exploitation and oppression had never existed on the earth, perhaps the slogans of non-violence might end the quarrel. But if the whole regime, even your non-violent ideas, are conditioned by a thousand year old oppression, your passivity serves only to place you in the ranks of the oppressors."

—Sartre

"Words! Always Words! And why not? The point is to succeed. Better a good journalist than a poor assassin."
—a character in a play

Ambiguity...Uncertainty...Bullshit...a cop-out...Lip Service to "revolutionary armed struggle"...but no idea of what it meant... of what it entailed...I sold the red book but I couldn't use a gun...I never saw blood... Earlier, I had been a pacifist. . . "Intellectually" it was "untenable" . . . so I rejected it. . . I took on new clothing. . . but that's still where I really was. . . When the street fighting started, I would wince away. . .

Possessions. . . Conquests. . . Everything else was still a game. . . start to Get Serious about School Work. . .

"Gee, just one more year and I can graduate". . . Think of It! And Whosyama-whatsits says I could be a big-time professor in the sociology department maybe!!! Or a *Writer*—put magical words on paper—it's all that counts anyway. . . black on white. . .

"We know how very easy it is to be a well-informed smart-aleck, loading up one's mind with sophisticated equivocations, with all the weary criticisms with the slightly tragic tone—all of it resting upon the collapsed dreams. . . And no alternatives ever considered, much less imagined, advanced, invented, demanded. They see the good, they see the bad, the yes, the no, the maybe—and they cannot take a stand. So instead they take up a tone. But they are never in it; they are just spectators."

—C. Wright Mills in Listen Yankee!

"Got a job. . . it's money spent, see no future, pay no rent, all the money's got no place to go. . . but oh, that magic feeling—no where to go"
—the Beatles



"America: I've given you all, and now I am nothing"

—Allen Ginsberg

Now I am nothing. Maybe that's what I started to wonder about. What was I? And what was so satisfying about what it was? Nothing really satisfying. . .

People were things. . . what can you do for me? . . . Sex? . . . Money. . . "Just a little Respect". . . Fragmented. . . them, but also me. . . "Feeling Bad All Over". . . Pains and Aches and Itches. . . Relax, Escape, . . .

But it's not just me. . . listen to what you've been saying. . . there really is a monster out there. . . it's claws are into you. . .

Go home, talk to your mother. . . "The Pigs. . . the Capitalists. . . the Rich People. . . no, not you and Daddy. . . the really rich ones. . . running a little laundromat isn't THAT bad. . . The people-who-run-this-country, they've got to go. . ." "Bernie, they're people too, there's good and bad in every group, somebody's been brainwashing you. . ."

They're People Too. Our Common Humanity. Sure.

People. Clear Your Throat First. Mao Tse Tung says: "Of all the things in the World, People are the Most Precious." It's really True, too. And. . .

"What if the people you knew/ were the plastic that melted/ and the chromium too?"

—Frank Zappa

Just a shot away. . . Suddenly it comes true. . . pushed up against the brick wall of the Conrad Hilton during the Democratic Convention. . . Fred Hampton (made a nice speech here at school two weeks ago, remember?) newspaper says he's dead. . . BLOOD on the mattress. . . oh god. . . winter. . . staying with friends. . . phone call. . . Rita at the Seed (nice paper, interesting to read, people there sort of nutsy). . . says someone's outside with guns. . . get there. . . bravado. . . windows shot out. . . AND HERE THEY COME BACK! oh no. . . somehow it ends. . . later. . . later. . . it's your phone. . . heavy breathing. . . you throw a big party. . . everyone runs to the window. . . car burning. . . firebombed. . . you're drunk. . . out on the street drinking Christian

Brothers Brandy, your cat perched on your shoulders, the neighbors incredulous. . . Scary. . . move away. . . I was alone. . . move in with some people. . . walk down Halsted street and I look over my shoulder. . .

"Don't Look Back". . . I have to. . . you have to. . . we have to. . . Kent State, Augusta, Jackson. . . Cliches "It Could Have Been Me". . . you already knew. . . sort of. . . it's not any one thing. . . but suddenly, there's nothing left to hold on to, there is no way out. . . you're really not interested in "making it. . ."

Drop out of School. . . write a poem and print it in the school newspaper just before you leave. . . drop your teachers a note: "Just give me an F. . . Fuck this university. . . 'We Are All Political Prisoners. . . Amerika what do you have to offer? A nightmare for me. . . far, far, worse for others—Blacks, Latins, Women, Gay People, the working stiff, . . . a whole litany. . . worms crawl out of the mouth and noses of the children of Latin America. . . I lie on the couch and pour out a pint of blood for an old sick woman—otherwise the hospital will charge her \$50 for her life. . . money. . . horror. . . Horror. . . Horror. . . I can't take it. . . I don't need it. . . Come to the Seed. . . Beauty. . . friendly people. . . learn things. . . something to do. . . please. . . just let me do anything. . . I can be useful. . .

Amerika: you have fucked my friends
I have seen you destroy them
and they were welders and poets
scholars and fixers
such as you have never known
or can ever comprehend.

Nervous breakdowns. . . suicide. . . rape. . . and slower destruction. . . the day to day "small shit" that wears people away. . .

Acid trip. . . there are my new friends. . . melting into BLOOD! shot up! smashed! oh! I. . . no! . . . distance . . . just look at it. . . like it was a picture. . . that's all it is, you know. . . Like the pictures of My Lai. . . like. . . Oh, no, IT'S REAL and it's gonna happen and. . .

What are you going to do?

Distance. . . My younger brother Leslie. . . I lived in the same house with him for 15 years, but I didn't know him, I didn't talk to him, he was a piece of furniture, a light fixture, an obstacle till very recently. . . On his way to California this summer by bus. . . I get a letter:

Dear Bernie:

It's been a long day of whiteness seen only through the tinted windows existing to help keep out the outside... So we sat here today. . . In the darkness it is easier to understand what it's all about. . . Each person's soul and mind inside his body, each person thinking different things in different ways. . . Everyone lies separate in his private seat, everyone alone. . . Everyone talks so much now about getting it together. Sometimes I turn and only see my reflection staring back at me from the cold night window. But sometimes oh yes sometimes. . . the day will come when we will all join hands together and snake-dance through the streets, an open hand at each end for all to join and celebrate. . ."

The possibilities are opening up. . . people are precious. . . I like myself. . . I like the possibilities of human life. . . "our life's too fine to let it die. . ."

Violence. . . a serious matter. . . an ugly thing. . . it's not all romantic. . . it's still scary. . . the week my brother turned 18 I wanted nothing so much as to go rip-off the records from his draft board—a relatively mild thing, yet I backed off. But we live in a real world... And the possibilities are too, too important. . . people, friends, me. . .

It's more than just a gun. . . it's living together. . . it's travelling light. . . little baggage of hand or mind. . . it's realizing that. . .

"Hey, crawl out your window
Come on, don't say it'll ruin you
Come on, don't say he will haunt you
You can go back to him ANY time you want to. . ."

—Bob Dylan

No more fun and games. . . no more lip service. . . Once there seemed to be a way. . . but not any longer. . . It's no good—it doesn't work... I've left. . . And I'm NEVER going back. . .

So, Leslie, if we're both around, I will embrace you and take your hand for that long dance thru the streets—but if I have fallen, please pick up the gun that I will have dropped.

—Bernie Farber

GETTING TOGETHER

One of the major problems you find in trying to bring about a working community of responsive and inter-dependent persons is that we've all been brought up and educated in a fragmented every-person-for-himself society, where not only have we learned not to depend on other people, but we have learned that to do so is a weakness.

A community is a group of persons dependent on each other to supply most of their social, psychological, physical, economic and spiritual needs.

Dependence is a state of relying on others to satisfy your needs, rather than trying to make it on your own. It is not parasitic.

Responsiveness is responding to another persons' need, whether he or she comes out and asks you or not, instead of letting him or her solve their problems in their own good time.

Inter-dependence is two or more persons depending or relying on each other, while responding to each others needs.

Because we don't depend on others, but deal with people only when we need to, we turn humans into objects, and are ourselves turned into objects by others. To different persons we are different objects. A part of us deals with parents, another with salespersons and waitresses, yet another deals with teachers, and still another with friends. And each friend sees a different segment of our beings. Who sees the whole? Is there a whole? Each person has the potential to be whole, but from the moment you are born or before, you are dealt with as an object, and thus fragmented.

Your deprivation of personal involvement started when your mother was pregnant but tried to overlook that fact, neither parent wanted to get personally involved in the pregnancy, and a drugged up childbirth resulted in which the doctor played a far more important role than either your mother or your father. Neither parent had much physically or psychologically to do with your coming into this world. The bottle freed them from constant attachment to you, and they could go out when they wanted and leave you with The Babysitter. It was too much of a bother to take you along. So after a whole series of Babysitters—your first objectified relationship—came School.

Before entering school you live more or less in a somewhat narrow world of personal contacts. Things hardly come within your experience unless they touch, intimately and obviously, your own well-being. Your world is a world of persons with their personal interests, rather than a realm of facts and laws. Your life is an integral, a total one, except for babysitters and your impersonal parents and a host of other impersonalities which are almost insignificant compared to what happens when you enter SCHOOL.

The school takes your experiences, things you haven't yet experienced, and things you never will experience, and divides and categorizes them into various separate and unconnected subjects—math, reading, spelling, art, geography, history, science, social studies. These subjects and categories are never related to your experiences. Pretty soon though, your experiences become divided and categorized into subjects automatically, and the process of fragmentation has begun.

The main impact School has on you, regardless of subject matter, is through its structure, which prepares you for living in the impersonality of our society. A School is not made up of people. There is The Principal, there is The Teacher. The Teacher is not a person. You are not allowed to touch The Teacher. The Teacher is not allowed to touch you. Older and younger children aren't people. They are Second Graders or Sixth Graders or Sophmores. From the moment you enter School (kindergarten excepted?) you are even separated from your classmates, and generally prohibited from social contact with them except at the prescribed time—recess and lunch. (When you are older you even lose the privilege of recess) For twelve or more years you are pitted against your classmates in various examinations designed to make you want to achieve higher percentages than the kid who sits next to you. Or else you give up the race and pretend you don't care—that's your excuse, you don't care about grades, about tests, about who's in the top quarter of the class. But everyone else does, so that isolates you even further.

Independence is drilled into you. You want to depend on someone else, don't let the teacher catch you—dependence is Cheating. To do your work collectively you've got to hide—vary your answers a little so The Teacher won't suspect you've been working together. You need help, you want to help someone else, forget it, that's not allowed.

Sitting at a desk is like solitary confinement, only worse. You can see there are others around you, but there is an invisible shield that separates you from everyone else. You can only communicate through the warden-teacher.

Yesterday you walked down the street in solitary confinement. You could see there were others around you, but there is an invisible shield that separates you from everyone else. Why? Why?! Twelve or more years of classes and courses in Isolation is why.

So now you discover that you don't like invisible shields. You've heard somehow that in a community or in a collective or commune there aren't any invisible shields. People respond to each other. People depend on each other. They share with each other. They touch each other. They cry. Is it magic? Acid? Maybe.

How do you undo the damage. How do you dissolve years of shells and shields that divide you from other persons—their shells and your shells stand in the way of personal involvement, of interdependence, of community. It's hard. Lots of collective ventures fall apart every day. Attempts at community action barely get off the ground. Who do you blame? The system, the whole screwed-up society that taught you to be independent, to not need people, to not be able to get involved with people, which taught you to treat people as objects, as machines.

We have been starved for love and touch, since the invention of the baby carriage. It is hard to break out, and when we do we go overboard sometimes and wind up in the VD clinic. We're as fucked up as our parents, with one difference. We know it and yearn to do some-

and bureaucracy and division of labor. Someone still has to take out the garbage. It isn't going to be your mother, and there is no janitor, but still you wait, thinking someone else will do it.

So what do you do? First you have to begin to see people as human beings, not mechanical objects. The cashier in the supermarket isn't The Cashier, he or she is a human being. Joe Bloggs is not The College Student, he's a human being. If you can go beyond the labels, beyond the categorization, and remember that there are real live persons behind those masks, that's a beginning.

Then you have to get rid of quick-change personalities. As we go from situation to situation we press a button and assume the proper personality for the situation. If you present the same image to everyone you're gonna freak out quite a few people, but then maybe you shouldn't be seeing those people anyway.

Next you have to learn to listen to people, really listen, all the time, instead of shutting people out and periodically nodding your head to show you're still there.

Cry.

Stop thinking someone else is going to do the shit work. Just because there aren't any rules that say you have to take out the garbage or change the light bulb, doesn't mean you can't do it anyway.

Invite your neighbors over for dinner.

Carry your children with you. Don't come to rely on babysitters constantly, or baby carriages. Kids need to be held even more than you do. Don't send them to public schools if possible. Keep them home or send them to community schools and free schools that are popping up all over. There's still hope for our children, maybe.

Touch your friends.

Take your life out of your mind and into your body as well. Express yourself actively as well as verbally, and some of those shells will start dissolving.

We've got to learn to trust each other so we know



thing about it, while they think they've got it made.

A community is not a simple thing to get together. It is not merely a group of people living in the same geographical area, interested in the same things, having the same political and social outlooks, or sympathetic and open to the same life styles. This is generally what we think of when we speak of "the Community." But then we wonder why this "community," united under the leaves of the cannabis plant, isn't closer, why we don't know what the girl in the restaurant does when she isn't waitressing, why we can't touch each other. We can't have a Community until we start shaking off the years of damage that have been done to our powers to relate to others, to get personally involved, to love. To have a community, to put forth a collective effort, we have to unlearn independence—we have to learn to depend on others without being ashamed, without thinking it is a weakness, and we have to relearn how to respond to other peoples' needs, and also to the needs of the group.

We have developed an aversion to rules, to schedules, to any sort of division of labor, and to bureaucracy in general, which is understandable when you consider how many senseless rules have been dumped on us, how many overly scheduled days we have endured, et al. All of this artificial discipline is self-degrading, plus it has made it unnecessary for us to develop any self-discipline. Self-discipline involves personal investment, but we need it now if we are going to remove the rules and schedules

that when we need something, one of our sisters or brothers will respond to our need—not that there is one specific person we can rely on, but a whole group. When people in the group need something the burden of responsiveness is spread among many rather than piled on one person. Too often, because two persons are inter-dependent, the dependence or responsiveness of a third person is not wanted, but in a community everyone depends on everyone else.

It's so easy to help someone when they ask. It boosts your pride and security—you know you're needed. Why then do we find ourselves feeling insecure and down on ourselves when we have to ask someone else for assistance. It's a two-way process—you respond to other people's needs and you trust them with your dependence. But don't fall into the trap of letting people rely on you for things you cannot do. You can only fail them as well as yourself.

The structure of our society is a shaky structure for a revolution. It crumbles. If we expect to survive our revolution, we've got to change the structure of our society, change the structure of our lives, to allow human beings to be treated as persons, not objects and not machines. Machines can be too easily destroyed. Or they can go berserk. We need "community" as a foundation. And we need it now.

— Maralee

Gay Liberation

GAY LIBERATION ON THE MOVE

Look out Chicago—you've got some angry faggots on your hands. On Friday, August 7, 35 people from Chicago Gay Liberation picketed the Astro restaurant at Clark and Diversey. We had asked people to boycott because the owner repeatedly made comments against homosexuals, instructed his waitresses not to serve us ("If you can't tell," he instructed his waitresses, "ask me, because I can smell a queer a mile away."), and refused to discuss his policy with representatives of our Legal and Political Action Committee.

The turnout was good, including many gay people who were demonstrating for the first time. We had picket lines with posters and flags, and we distributed 1000 leaflets. Lots of good rapping. I talked with two lesbians about how gay power will grow out of gay unity, and they took their business elsewhere. Many straight (non-homosexual) people responded sympathetically, angered by the owner's policy of discrimination. There was some heckling—some looks of disgust too.

Our chants were sometimes hesitant, often bold, and happy?

"Gay Power-Boycott the Astro."

"2-4-6-8—Gay is just as good as straight;

2-5-7-9—Lesbians are mighty fine."

"Black power to the black people

Sister power to the sister people,

Gay power to the gay people,

All power to the People!"

THE BUST

At 9:30 pm, 3½ hours after we started, our leaflets ran out and we decided to call it a night. As we were leaving, several policemen grabbed and handcuffed one of our members, John Maybauer. Apparently an old man had come over and hassled John, calling him fag, queer, etc. John eventually got fed up, I was told, said

something back like "I'm tired of this shit, get fucked," and walked away. So the old man made a complaint and the police arrested John. Earlier one of our people had seen the police urge an old lady to file a complaint against us.

We got together some money for bail and went to the 19th District police station. John had been charged with assault. During the time when we were waiting for the police to finish processing our brother, officers came by several times and ridiculed us by mimicking gestures of homosexuality.

Anyway, John is out on bail, and we're still going. A lot of homosexuals now have a clearer idea of why the word "police" is rapidly changing to "pig." And Chicago Gay Liberation people are trying to figure out what comes next in the freaking fag revolution.

ACTION AT THE NORMANDY

An earlier target of a gay boycott was the Normandy, one of Chicago's best-known gay bars. A few months ago they did not permit their patrons to dance in the bar. After a boycott initiated by Gay Liberation, the owners agreed to allow dancing, fast and slow, and also agreed not to raise prices or set a cover or minimum. On Friday, July 24, they started a two-dollar minimum, explaining to at least two of our members that the purpose was to keep out those people who dance a lot but don't drink much, especially the "riff-raff" from the Southside—that means blacks.

The recently-formed black caucus led Gay Liberation in a boycott to protest the Normandy going back on its word and its disgusting racism. We picketed on Friday, July 31st, and on Saturday the minimum was dropped. Gay power!

DANCE COMING SOON

Gay Liberation will be holding a dance at Circle Campus within the next few weeks. Watch for signs,

especially in stores in Lincoln Park. All profits will go to the Peoria 4 Defense Committee. The four, including Ortiz Alderson, who is chairman of the black caucus of Gay Liberation, are charged with stealing files from the Pontiac, Illinois draft board. Their bail (ransom) is high—\$10,000 each. We support them and we ask you to. Homosexuals, heterosexuals, bisexuals, trisexuals, transsexuals, asexuals and everyone else is welcome.

TRANVESTITE BEATEN

This is a request for information. On Sunday, July 19, at 2 am, a black transvestite (A man dressed as a woman) was beaten very badly by police at the corner of Chicago and State, in the 18th Police District. This was witnessed by some members of Gay Liberation. We want to help this person, but have not been able to find out the person's name. If you can give us any more information, please call Jrom, 538-3785.

MEETINGS

We have business meetings every Sunday night, informal rap sessions for interested people every Thursday night, and meetings of the women's caucus, black caucus, social committee, legal and political action committee, and others on various nights during the week. If you're interested, call us. Don't be too shy; it was hard for each of us at first to show an interest in Gay Liberation. Numbers are listed in the Good Numbers List, page 7.

GAY POWER TO GAY PEOPLE!
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

— Robbie

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LAOS

The war in Southeast Asia. . . sometimes it becomes so hard to understand. . . Far away, but it hits so close to home when it's your friend, your relative or your neighbor who dies. . . Most of us have come to see that it's senseless, we want the war to stop. . . we want the troops brought home. . . we don't want to sacrifice lives, money or energy in a war that we know is being fought for the big war industries. . . we don't want to sacrifice for this war—like people in this country sacrificed during the war against the Nazis twenty-five years ago.

How much harder then, it is for us to understand why the war continues. The bombs and napalm are dropping on the home territory of the people of Asia—it is their homes, farms and villages that are being pillaged—their land that is being stripped and raped. . . But they go on fighting—with few resources at their command. Poor people, with little technology, facing great hardships. The war, instead of slowing down, is expanding. Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, maybe soon again Korea. Small, poorly equipped countries are bogging down and defeating the biggest, richest, most technologically advanced country in the world. Make no mistake about the liberation forces in Asia are winning—even Associated Press stories about Cambodia admit that pro-western puppet forces hold little else except the capital city.

What keeps these people fighting? What gives them their courage to endure? Earlier this year, an important area called the Plain of Jars in Laos was the scene of a big U.S. defeat. It was liberated with very little fight. The North Vietnamese-Pathet Lao offensive was not the mammoth steamroller that the U.S. Embassy here suggested. Not only did the Royal Laotian troops have an absolute monopoly of airpower, they also outnumbered the liberation troops in every major encounter.

But as U.S. forces have learned in Vietnam, technical and numerical superiority are simply not enough to win a war against a people which is dedicated and mobilized. The Pathet Lao, the Laotian Patriotic Front, is the military expression of the dedication to self-determination of at least one-half of the Laotian population, occupying the two-thirds of Laos which have been liberated by Pathet Lao forces.

If Royal government troops are demoralized, and Pathet Lao forces, aided by North Vietnamese troops are able to overcome superior numbers and technology as they did in liberating the Plain of Jars, it is in large part due to the better life that the Pathet Lao is building for the Laotian people.

A Cuban observer from Tricontinental magazine, visiting Laos with a representative of the liberation movement in Portuguese Guinea, described some of that life.

The first thing the visitors noticed was caves. In caves in the Laotian hills, the villagers sleep and eat, invisible to U.S. planes. In the same caves are meeting rooms, offices of the locally-elected revolutionary government, theaters where traveling troupes perform folk songs and dances; the first secondary schools in the area;



and, hidden in other caves, the operating rooms of hospitals.

At night, under cover of darkness, the villagers go to the fields to work, growing rice for themselves and for the soldiers at the front, cotton for cloth, building canals for irrigation. In the morning from 4 to 7 they hold a market, where peasants from surrounding zones come to exchange goods. When the sun comes up, they go back into hiding, to escape bombs and machine-gunning by pilots.

The people in this liberated district have the first hospital (before the revolution, diseases were treated only by witchcraft), have more schools (56 now as opposed to 5 before the revolution), and grow more rice (in addition to increasing the land under cultivation, through irrigation, they have also increased yields to six kilos of rice per one of seed.).

What's more, their product goes to themselves. Before, they worked one-fourth of the year as serfs for feudal landlords, the rest of the time in near starvation on tiny individual plots which they rented. Now, the visitors found groups of families pooling equipment and labor, and dividing the new larger crop production.

Women for the first time go to school and participate in local affairs. Villagers elect local officials and work in local government posts. A literacy campaign is underway, to make increased political involvement possible.

Most important right now, villagers are protecting these gains with the gun. In one village alone, 110 members joined the Pathet Lao forces in a single year. Others work as drivers and couriers and hundreds, including 50 women, are in the militia.

The people are fighting because they have a real alternative to fight for—a better way of life for them and their children.

The American response to this alternative is sheer arrogance. Refusing to accept the humanity of "little yellow gooks with pocket knives," the government acts in a manner that can only create more revolutionaries.

When people need medical care, food, clothing and respect, Amerika responds with guns and gas. . . and the modern equivalent of cigarettes and bubble gum. In Laos, for example, sixty thousand cases of Carnation Slender, a drink withdrawn from the U.S. marketplace because it contains cyclamates were recently shipped off to war refugees. An official of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration said that while cyclamate sweetener products were banned here for fear that they would be cancer producing, no such danger "applies to underfed people." Meanwhile, the Cambodian Army buys its guns on the South Vietnamese black market.

What Amerika is learning in Asia is that "underfed people" are all fed up.

-Dran Reb

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for sale

Cheap tie-dyes. If you can't afford the expensive, ten buck and up, tie-dyes at the other clothes shops, come by to the look at the stuff at Dye- Hard, Ltd., 807 Reba Pl., (the basement apt.) or 1135 Asbury, both in Evanston. Phone: DA8-3987 or 864-6988.

Just busted and badly in need of bread! We are selling our things at lowest possible price. 1 steam iron - \$7.00., toaster - \$7.00 hair dryer - \$7.00. All the above are practically new and 1/2 price. See Linda or Don Atkinson (Apt. A), 241 W. Loyola - Just ring bell.

Need money. Will sell electric guitars, ect., or will trade for camping equipment, ect. Call Paul at 754-1248 before Sept. 12.

For sale: Beds, single & double, cheap. Also paperbacks, Needed: shelving for books and other things. Call 743-9565 or visit 1315 W, Loyola Ave.

1960 Chevy automatic 6=cyl. overhauled engine, 4 good tires \$175. Call Lewis at 834-3915.

Old National 6 string Country Steel Guitar. Beautiful, sound, good shape. Case, chord, and steel bar inc. An outasight deal for \$60. (or best offer) Call Bill FI3-2835.

My purpose is to get people to DO IT making music in the streets, I'm selling recorders, tanbarines, claves, kazoos, harmonicas, flutes, wood blocks, slide whistles, CHEAP! See me (the trumpet player) in the streets or call 943-2683.

For sale: '59 Chevy wagon, 63 engine, new brakes, runs good - \$150 or best offer. Call Judy 626-3846.

1942 Cadillac Fleetwood. Excellent condition. \$775. HO5-5580.

For sale: 32 ft. yawl. Needs inboard engine & app. 1 month hard work. \$500 or best offer, Call 525-2393.

Set of 3 drums to sell - blue speckled. Call Rebecca at 929-0133 or 549-8814.

Cash paid for new winter clothes, need 2 each, size 40 man's fur coat and size 40 or 41 suits, 36 waist. Color: Cummings, R.1, Payson, Ill. 62360. May travel to see.

music

Need flutist and bassist - organist for starting group on northwest side. Rock/Blues/Jazz. Experience not really necessary. Ages 17-22 preferred. Call 685-9461 between 4 & 9 if interested.

We are looking for a singer and maybe a drummer to do music in the line of Detroit R. & R., Up, Stooges, ect. If you can help me, give a call (9:00 at OR4-0882 (Jim)

Wanted: Soprano sax. Any make. Any condition. Call 829-9883, or write Mike Williams 702 S. Marshfeild, Chi., 60612.

One girl drummer 16, and one boy lead guitarist, 16, would like to start a group & need a girl and a boy singer, also bass guitarist and an organist. Must be willing to travel and be permanent. Usually paid monthly. Call NE1-8386 after 5:00pm.

2 guitar players looking for other musicians. We are 24, like to play a wide variety of music. Call Keith 326-1611.

INTERCOURSE

THE SEED CLASSIFIED PAGE IS COMMUNITY SERVICE. ALL ADS ARE FREE, BUT NOT ALL CAN BE RUN FOR THE UPCOMING ISSUE IF THEY'RE RECEIVED TOO LATE. IF YOUR AD IS DATED, SEND IT IN ABOUT ONE MONTH BEFORE THE DEADLINE DATE, SO AS TO ASSURE ITS APPEARANCE. WE'VE TRIED TO ELIMINATE RIP-OFFS, LEGAL TURN-ONS, MODEL ADS, DATING SERVICES, HIP CAPITALIST CRAP, AND GENERALLY QUESTIONABLE STUFF WE STILL CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY OF ADS, AND IF YOU STILL GET RIPPED OFF, LET US KNOW. ADS ARE NOT ACCEPTED OVER THE PHONE-BRING THEM IN OR MAIL THEM. WHEN YOU GIVE US THE AD, INCLUDE A PHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS WHERE WE CAN REACH YOU IF THERE IS A QUESTION. THEY CAN BE WITHHELD FOR THE ASKING. IF YOU STILL HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, CALL DAVID AT THE SEED.

help! rides, places

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:Aug. 29-31 the Seed needs trucks and muscle
:power, we're moving and we need your
:help. Call us - please! (929-0133)
:.....

The Chi. Committee to Defend the Black Panthers is in need of funds in carrying out the Party's program combatting genocide and racism. Send any bread you can scrape up to 622 W. Diversey, Room 403A Chi., 60614.

We need shelving for a library at the White Panther House. Call 787-1962.

gigs

The Fifth Estate, the north suburban high school Free Press, still needs distributors from the Maine Township high schools, Niles East & West, and New Trier East. If you want to help this fall, call Mark at 729-7340.

Need a job. Have taught primary grades. Have degree in soc. work. I want a job out side both establishments as they are now set up. If the job is challenging the bread doesn't have to be. Phone 973-6319.

Need band to play. Call 525-9677.

The new North Suburban High School Free Press is in need of people to do writing, photo., artwork, cartooning, layout, poetry, ads, typing, and distribution for the paper. Interested in getting people from all public, private, & parochial schools in the North & Northwest suburbs of Chi. Jr. High also, Call Mitch at 929-0133 immediately as we are already composing the Sept. issue.

The Bryn Maur Players, a workshop in drama is looking for persons int. in performing original plays. No exp. necessary. Call Ill. Arts Council (793-3520) or go to Edgewater Pres. Church, (Bryn Maur & Kenmore) Thurs. at 7:30.

Free Theatre staff will do light shows for parties, dances, other social or political gatherings. If you haven't seen us work ask a freind. Reasonable. Call Thom, 549-4822, or Carolle, 525-3949.

lit.

Right-wing reading material - get insight into the Amerikkkan mind. 'Masters of Deceit' by J. E. Hoover. 'Road to Revolution' by PL turncoat P. A. Luce. Either book 40¢ in legal tender or stamps. Both - 75¢. Also have one used copy of Turabians 'Manual for Writers' - 45¢. WAP, Box 505, 5959 N. Kenmore Ave., Chi. 60626.

Riders wanted to San Francisco. We are leaving 8/23 and need 2 or 3 more to share driving and expenses. Call Anita at CE6-9769 (days) or Kathy 374-0566 (eves.)

Male, 23, & leaving for Canadian wilderness 8/15 desires female head capable of hard work & love as one of a family of 6. Send resume, Po Box 481, Rock Island, Ill., 61201.

I need a ride to West Coast at end of Aug. or beginning of Sept. Clean British and International driving licence. Share expenses. Call Mike 829-9883, eves.

Need a ride to NY anytime before Oct. - Will share cost. Call Ted at 833-6334.

Ride wanted to Toronto or Washington D.C. about Aug. 20. Marsha- 248-2973.

messages

Urgent! Anyone in the peace line at Grant Pk. on July 28, contact Paul at 754-1248.

John: Thank you for your help during the teargassing at Grant Pk. Without you I don't think I could have made it. Please call 489-2882.
Eva.

Let it be known that Richard Pontak, is a burn artist and a police informer. I know he set me up both ways.

Signed- Love Everybody, But Don't Deal With Everybody.
Chuck S. of Arlington Heights - Please call me. I'm in need. I love you.
Shar.

To the person or persons that ripped off my brown leather stash bag on the corner of State & Washington, Fri., July 31, about 12:45 while I was on the corner selling the Seed - You can keep whatever worthless junk that was in it, but, wherever your fuckin' heads at, please!!! return the harp - it has great sentimental value, it was given to me by John Mayall, and I'm sure you don't have any use for it, it's not the harp but the story behind it. Bring it or mail it to the Seed office. No questions asked. Please!

Anyone having info as to the identity of the transvestite that was arrested on Chicago Ave. & State, on July 20 at 2am, please contact the Seed, Box 538.

misc.

Leaving town - must sublet apt. (studio in yr. old building) by Aug. 15th or Sept. 1st but can move immediately. \$135 p/mo. plus lights. Excellent for one guy, 1 chick, or couple who can rise above plastic bullshit and needs a decent place to live. Excellent for straight front. Call 528-4642 anytime.

I'd like to talk to people who, like me, feel that there's got to be something better; who might be int. in communal living, forming a therapy group or anything to get something better going. If I'm not in, leave a message, Rich - 337-4469.

Free! 1 puppy, half shepherd-collie, 4 1/2 mos. Call Chuck 368-2316 (4 - 12 pm).

LOST- Dog named Midnight at midnight 7/22. He's black, longhaired, & sorta sheepdog- mutt - Taurus. Near Grant Hospital. Call 248-3559 for David.

19 year old looking for a travel companion for trip thru Europe to Israel. Leaving Sept. 15, 1970. Then staying on kibbitz until June. Person just to travel thru Europe with. Call 274-3607 or write Gary Delsohn 6111 N. Richmond, Chi.

Boss freak wishes to correspond with females- same. Walter Nowak, Jr., 2600 S. California Ave., Chi. 60608.

Reward for info as to the whereabouts of Michael Conrad, formerly of Cory & Conrad, about 6 ft., 155 lbs., blond, contact Vigilantes, c/o Seed, Box 1313.

wanted

1 or 2 chicks, preferably students who need a steady place to live during school, to get a crib together in beginning of Sept. Approximately \$50 - \$60 p/mo. Vicinity - 6400 N. near lake. Call Dee Ju3-1565. before 4pm.

Wanted! Stick incense sold at Summer music festival, Soldier's Field, 18th. Will pay upon receiving or write first for bread if any doubts. Morningglory, 900 S. Linda, Hobart, Ind. 46342.

Wanted: 'The Resistable Rise of Arturo Ui' by Bertolt Brecht, complete and in English. Also poems. Prefer paperback. Will pay. Ralph Dring, 12207 Irving Ave., Blue Island Ill. 60406.

Wanted to Buy: School Bus, preferably converted to camper if possible. Becky. 1048 Dickinsen, Apt. 4

Wanted: Girl to share large 2 bedroom apt. near Orchard & Armitage. \$70 p/mo. Prefer student. Call Linda 642-3357.

Wanted: Female, 18-28, to share air-con. N. side apt. with 25 yr. old male. Pay \$60 of rent, share food. Call 966-4863 or write 9036 Linder, Morton Grove.

- Religious community in Chi. area

Wanted: Individuals and couples interested in travel to Central & S. America. Write: Ventures America, P.O. Box 504, Downers Grove, Ill.

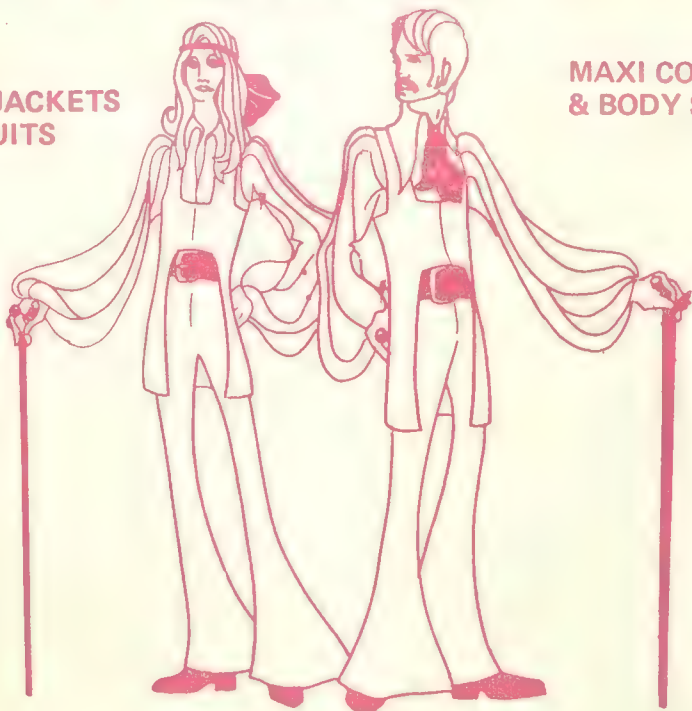
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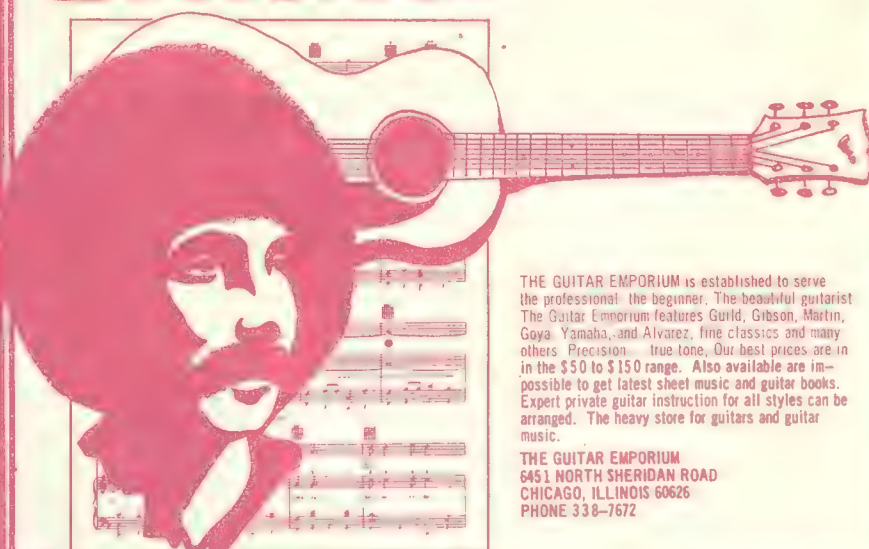
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THEATRE

The Organic Theatre is moving its presentation, 'The Odyssey' by Homer to the Body Politic Theatre, 2251 N. Lincoln Ave. for the summer. There will be 8:30 performances on Weds., Thurs., Fri and Saturday nights. (10:30 show also on Sat. night). Tickets are \$2.50 Weds thru Fri. \$3 on Sat. Student rates on Weds. & Thurs nights are \$1.50. For reservations, call 477-1977.

Satori (Chicago), a new theatre group in Chicago will present Kaleidoscope, an original production, at the Playwright's Center, 22 W. North Ave., opening July 12 and running thru Aug. 15, at 7:30 pm. Tickets are \$2 and \$1.50 for students. For further info call 664-0998.

U.S. Slicing Machine at the Playhouse North, 315 W. North, will present Riverview, and other plays, improvised by the company from scenarios and scripts of Chicago writers, beginning July 27, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 9 pm. No admission charge (free).

The Baroque Compass Players perform the only 100% improvisational shows in the Chicago area. Performances are at 9 & 11 every Fri. and Sat. night at the Harper Theatre Coffee House, 5238 S. Harper, in Harper Court. Admission is \$1.

Kingston Mines Theatre Co., 2356 N. Lincoln, will present 'The Year Boston Won the Penant' by John Ford Noonan from July 17. Prices are \$2.00 on Fri. & Sun., Sat. \$2.50. For further info & reservations call 525-9893.

The Old Town Players, 1718 N. North Pk., Presents the original Chi. script of 'One-Two-San-Shi' opening July 31. Performances are Fri. & Sat. at 8:30pm and Sun. at 7:30 pm. thru Sept. 20. All seats are \$2.00. Reservations-- call 645-0145.

Second City, 1616 N. Wells, presents 'Cooler Near the Lake' Tues. thru Thurs. at 9pm Fri & Sat 8:30 & 11, Sun at 9. \$2.95-\$3.95 Improvisations are free and follow the eve. performance every day but Friday.

La Delores presents a Children's Theatre on Mon. and Weds., at 1980 N. Orchard, at 1pm For further info call 664-2352. FREE.

MUSIC

22nd Century Productions presents a James Taylor concert on Sunday, Aug. 16, at 7:30 p.m. Also playing will be Country Funk. The concert will be staged in the Auditorium Theatre. Tickets are available at all Ticketron outlets.

Alice's Revisited, 950 N. Wrightwood Ave., Chicago presents on Aug. 14 & 15 - Otis Rush. Aug. 21 & 22 - Mighty Joe Young. Donation \$1., servicemen - 50¢ Music begins at 8 pm. For further info, call 528-4250.

Triangle Theatrical Productions presents five jazz greats - Les McCann, Eddie Harris, Herbie Mann, Cannonball Adderley, and Roberta Flack and their respective groups in two concerts (8:00 & 11:30pm) on Friday Aug. 14. Presented in the Opera House, tickets are available at all Ticketron outlets.

The Bunion Stew Band will appear Sat., Aug. 15, along with the Incredible Lite-show at the Rivendell teen club in Winnetka. Rivendell is located at 122 Green-bay Rd. Admission will be \$1.50.

CALENDAR

A Blues/Rock Festival will be presented on Aug. 28-Friday at 8:30 pm at the Hull House/Jane Addams Ctr. Featured will be Johnny Young Blues Band, Joe Kelly Blues Band, Oaken Sheild, and more. For info and if you have a group interested in playing call 549-1631 or 248-8041. Donations for concert are \$1.50.

West Side Soul

L & A 1422 S. Pulaski
Walton's Corner S Roosevelt & Washtenaw
Club Alex 1815 W. Roosevelt
Sportsman's Roosevelt & Kedzie
Big Dukes 2500 W Roosevelt

Chicago Blues Scene

Turners 39th & Indiana
Peppers 43rd & Vincennes
Theresa's 48th & Indiana
Riviera Lake & Kedzie
Williams Lounge 4223 W. Madison
Garfield Lounge Madison & Homan
Don's Cedar Club Milwaukee & Division

For the latest blues happenings drop by the Jazz Record Mart at 7 W Grand, & they'll tell you where it's at.



The New Quiet Knight is at 953 W Belmont featuring the finest music, drinks food, soft drinks, coffee...ample parking nearby. Tues is blues nite with Siegal/Schwall. Call 348-9509 for more info.

Heads Up, 386 Hainsville Road in Roundlake Pk. has got a good thing going. Located on an 11 acre lakefront property, it is the perfect refuge for city slickers to get away from it all. It features a head shop, leather shop, ice-cream parlor, record shop, cake bar, and good vibes. Plus the fact it has FREE jam sessions on Tues. & Friday nights, & occasionally weekends. Open every night at 8 pm. For further info & directions call 546-8005.

If you're under 21 and cannot get into the Blues Bars the next best thing is Mojo. 78 new releases and everything in between. Interviews with blues folk. Host Cary Baker, Tues 7:30 pm on WNTH radio,, 88.1 FM

The Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N. Wells, 9-4 am.

CONTINUING

Cafe Pergolesi, 3404 N. Halsted, coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery, baroque music. Open nightly 6-12, Sat. & Sun., til 1. No cover, no minimum.

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat. night at 9pm. Cost is only \$1. The College is located at 105 W. Grand. For further info call 664-4440.

Come To The Barbarossa!, 1117 N. Dearborn Dearborn features shows (music) every eve. at 10:30 pm. On Fri. & Sat. there is also shows at 12:30 (also 2:00 on Sat.)

The Blue Gargoyle at 5655 S. University holds Hoot and Rap sessions every Wed & Thurs nite. Call 955-5826 for more information.

The Other Door Coffee House, 3124 Broadway, is open daily 7pm to 2am, on Weds. at 9pm - open discussion, on fri. at 9 open poetry reading. FREE MUSIC.

The New Product Line coffeehouse in Arlington Hts is open Fri. 8-12. Live entertainment and recreation at 500 E. Miror. Call 255-8850 for more information.

The Diocese of Chicago of the Universal Life Church Coffee House, 1049 W Polk, gets it on nightly. Sounds weekends, "It's open when the light's on."

It's Here coffeehouse 6455 N Sheridan features folk singers & satirists, Fri-Sun. Doors open at 7:30, shows at 8 & 10:30, \$2.50 per person 75¢ min. Call SH3-9781 for more information.

Garden of Olive, 1555 W Devon, 6300 N (Ashland-Devon-Clark) Free coffee, tea, raps. Tues. nights features lectures (informative not bullshit) on drugs by George Peters. Open 6:30 to midnight everyday. Phone 465-9474.

Kingston Mimes Co. Store, 2356 Lincoln, good food, open 3 pm-3 am Mon-Thurs, Fri. Sat., Sun. all night. On Tues. features improvisational theatre, Weds-movies, weekends folk jam sessions, etc.

Saturday's Child Coffeehouse 212 Lincoln, Porter Ind (get off Ind. Toll Rd at Chesterton) Fri & Sat 8-12 pm open stage Fridays continuous entertainment & food. \$1.25.

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players every Fri & Sat nite 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass & balladeers are also featured.

The Abraxas Coffeehouse, 1315 W. Loyola Ave. is open most nights at 8 pm and features drink, conversation, music, poetry, art, etc. Phone is 743-9565.

Antigone Coffeehouse, 419 Lincolnway (basement of teen center, entrance in alley) La Porte, Ind., Sat. 8-12pm. Folk music, improvs, and all around fun & food. Admission only 75¢.

The Community Arts Foundation invites Chocagoans to 'come and play' theatre games every Sun. at 3pm. Admission is \$2. Call 525-1052 for info or reservations.

Zodiac, 2938 W. 63rd St., Chicago nr. Marquette Pk. - coffeehouse, music, drama every weekend. Donation of 50¢ if you have it. Phone: 776-0130.

We try our hardest to get all we can on this page...If you want your thing included it doesn't cost anything. Call or write The Seed 929-0133 (david) 2551 N Halsted, Chicago, Illinois 60614

COMMUNITY

FREE FILMS from Newsreel every Wed night at 8 - Neighborhood commons, Wisconsin & Fremont. If you've got films to show, call David at 248-9858.

Gay Lib Rap Sessions are on every Thursday. Call 337-0579 for information.

For general information on Gay Lib call Free City Exchange (281-7197)

ART

A retrospective exhibition of Andy Warhol's pop-art paintings will open at the Museum of Contemporary Art (237 E Ontario St.) on July 4 continuing thru Sept 6. During the exhibition, Warhol films will be shown on alternate Thursday nights. For further info call 943-7755.

Drawings & paintings by artist-reporter Franklin McMahon are now being shown at the Chicago Historical Society, North Ave & Clark, 9:30 to 4:30 daily, 12:30 to 5:30 Sundays thru October.

An exhibition of Robert M. Lipgar's photographic art will be shown at the Art Lounge, Chicago Illini Union, 828 S Wolcott Ave. from Aug. 10 - Sept. 8. Photographed in Israel during March of 1970, the collection is open to public viewing from 9am to 5 pm on weekdays. FREE

CLASSES

The White Panther Party, Ministry of Education, is sponsoring free revolutionary ed. at the Peoples Information Center, 2152 N. Halsted. Courses are on Tues. & Thurs. at 7:30 and 8:45 and include Body Rescue (street-fighting), Dialectics of Sexism, and History of American Radicalism.

The Peoples School, 4409 N. Sheridan, is having liberation classes featuring courses such as Philosophy, Music, Occult, Photography, Earth Class, Street Medicine, Afro History, Creative Writing, ect. absolutely free on Mon. - Thurs. For further info call 561-6737.

The La Delores Center, 1972 N. Orchard Ave., sponsors community services for women including Women's History Workshops every Thurs. at 8pm. Also sponsors day care and children's theatre. Call 944-8087 for further info.

Free U. in Lincoln Pk. every Weds. at 7:30 pm. Call Steve or Mark at 477-9771 for all info.

The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op is just starting to get together. Based on the idea that anyone can be an artist, its purpose is to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info call 642-9456.

The Village School of Folkmusic, 631 Deerfield Rd., in Deerfield, Ill. teaches courses in American traditional folkmusic (guitar, banjo, autoharp, mandolin, voice, dulcimer and recorder). The school also has a complete selection of instruments, music books, and accessories. For further info call 945-5321.

Socialist Summer School, June 22 to Sept. 5, building the revolutionary party, the working class and the student movement. Classes are on Mon. and Thurs. evenings at 7:30pm. 180 N. Wacker, room 310, phone 641-0147. Fee is \$.34 per class, \$5.00 for the entire summer.

The American diet is unique. No people anywhere, anytime have eaten anything like the foods which have evolved in the last 50 years in this country. With our convenience foods, people no longer have to spend time cooking. With our high incomes, we spend on the average less percentage of our total finance on food than any other people. Best of all, we Americans can always be sure to get balanced, nutritious meals sure to produce the world's healthiest race of people. So we are told by advertising of food companies, political speeches and AMA publications. The most unique thing about our diet is the large amount of highly refined foods and synthetic chemical additives. A refined food is one in which some part of the whole food is removed by some mechanical or chemical process. White flour, white rice, and white sugar are all refined foods. A synthetic chemical is any chemical substance produced in a laboratory rather than in processes of nature. They are often patterned after substances found in nature, resembling them in chemical composition. They lack, however, the subtleties of structure and activity which characterize biological or living systems. Thus, while one might expect to find synthetic chemicals in metal compounds, plastics, etc., it is somewhat surprising to find them in food.

Until several hundred years ago our ancestors ate the traditional foods of the temperate zone: grains and vegetables as main foods, fish on the coast, more meat in the north, more fruit in the south. Then came the age of exploration and food began to be shipped around the world. With the industrial revolution began the process of removing the outer hulls from grain products - white rice, white flour, etc. Why this was done is not clear. It had something to do with the use of machinery for the sake of using machines. Snobbery played a part -- in the middle ages only the rich could have refined light colored foods. As industrialization increased, these foods became cheaper and thus available for the general population. It was found that they could be stored more carelessly and cheaply because due to their limited food value, they didn't attract many rodents or insects. In the nineteenth century the science of nutrition arose, as deficiency diseases increased. Vitamins were discovered. It was found that most of the protein, vitamins and minerals found in grains were in the hulls and bran which were removed in refining. Only a few people returned to whole grains. The general tendency was to add laboratory-made "vitamins" to refined foods and to

make vitamin supplements -- hence the vitamin pill health food stores of today. This provided a lot of jobs, but no good foods.

The new world-wide economy also required that food be hauled long distances and be stored long periods of time. Canning was invented to feed Napoleon's army

Eating It



on the Russian campaign. In the last century a vast array of chemical preservatives have been developed. Preservatives are generally designed to inhibit bacterial growth, and prevent the breakdown of the food into its components. But, our intestines contain bacteria which digest. Digestion means decomposition of food: preservatives interfere with digestion! Our poor bodies! We eat, chew and swallow, our stomach churns, our intestines work - and all we get out of it are a few toxins in our bloodstreams.

Since World War II an even more disturbing development has occurred. The chemical industry, greatly enlarged by the war looked for new outlets and found them in agricultural chemicals. American farmers, accustomed to exhausting their land every generation and moving west, had reached the end of new lands

and were beginning to practice land conservation. Then artificial fertilizers made it possible to force crop growth. The resulting weaker plants needed insecticides and herbicides to protect them. The age of DDT began in earnest.

Even more recently the chicken factory and large feedlot have arisen. Thousands of animals crowded together with no chance for exercise are fed antibiotics to keep them alive and hormones to make them docile and fat.

Foods available in America today contain some or all of the following:

insecticides, herbicides and fertilizer residues (in grains, grain products, vegetables, fruits and meat from animals fed such grains, etc.)

dyes, artificial flavors

preservatives

synthetic vitamins

hormones and antibiotics (in most meats)

In addition they are refined, processed, and packaged in huge machines. The results of such processing are not the same as home cooking, otherwise the food industry would not be spending millions for advertising and political lobbying telling us they are. What shall we do? Many are seeking safer chemicals not realizing that any artificial chemical in any ecological or biological system is like sand in a delicate machine. There is no completely safe artificial chemical; no drug testing laboratory can cover all possibilities.

Other people are seeking large scale political and social action against the pollution of our environment. Certainly this is urgently needed. One very basic technique that we all could practice, would be to end the pollution in our own body bloodstreams. Much of this can be accomplished by buying and eating pure, natural whole foods. This also helps organic farmers attempting to end or prevent pollution of the land and food distributors who care about food quality. Because of small demand, organic food may be hard to get and expensive to purchase, but it is worth the trouble. More and more it is being realized that no people ever paid more for their food—in pollution damage, ecological collapse and diseased populace—than we modern Americans.

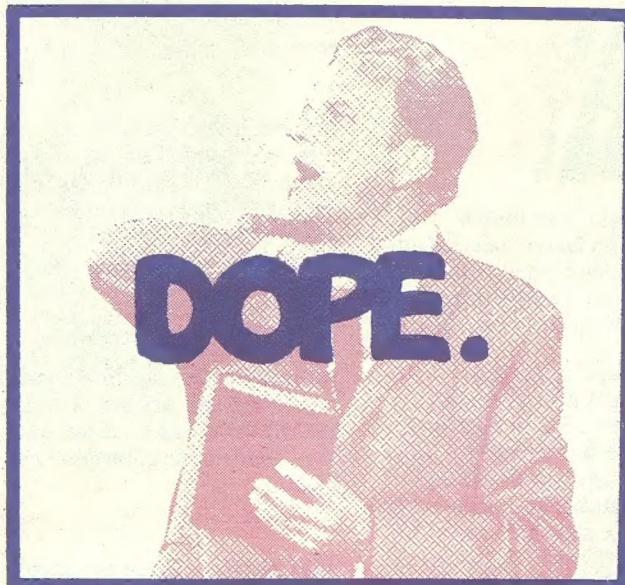
Science and technology is a great adventure, but we can make tremendous mistakes if we forget the order of nature. By returning to natural food we can create a healthier and happier world for ourselves and our fellow beings.

— the family

I'm not going into any long diatribes about heroin. You've heard them all already and besides, it probably won't make any difference anyway—if you're going to use it you're going to use it despite anything anyone has told you. All I have to say is don't, oh please, don't. I've been strung out three times, on and off for a couple of years, and never have I ever gotten so little pleasure and so much grief from any one thing. It's a hard train to get off of, and once you start there's a good chance you'll be bouncing back and forth for the rest of your life. Pretty fucking dull.

This is supposed to be an article on what to do if you should happen to accidentally overdose yourself on heroin, which is quite likely, by the way. Just about everybody does it after he's been into it for awhile—you're always trying to get a little higher but it's never really quite enough ("Just give me enough," I used to say "to bring me near death.") and eventually you overstep the bounds into too much and that's it, Jack, see ya later. Heroin is a strong down, it's true, but it doesn't simply put you to sleep. It attacks the respiratory system by relaxing the diaphragm to the point that if you don't actually remember to breathe, you won't; you'll pass out and eventually die. So it follows that if you think you've O.D.'d, the most important thing to do is to stay awake. Speed sometimes works, but once again the problem is not staying awake as much as getting your respiratory system going again, and usually this just entails staying awake until enough of the drug has passed through your system and it begins functioning in a semi-normal, autonomic manner once again. Slapping a person in the face repeatedly, walking him around, throwing him in a cold shower or shoving icecubes under his nuts are usually successful. Generally within a half hour or forty-five minutes the person will be able to maintain consciousness unassisted. It should be mentioned here that the emptier a person's system is, the more quickly the drug will pass through it, so if he feels like vomiting, and there's a good chance he will, by all means encourage it.

If you take a whole lot too much heroin, of course, there's not much that will prevent you from passing out, and it's wierd, there's no warning or anything, it's as if



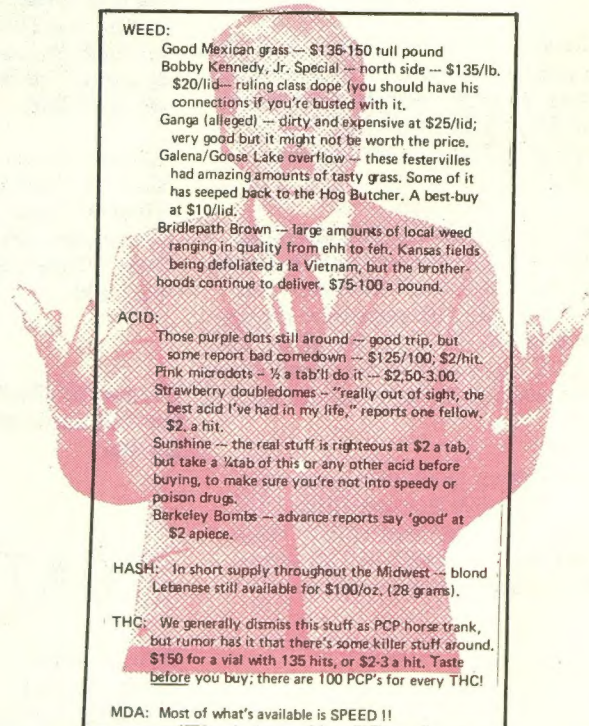
someone shuts off a switch in your head: one moment you're awake, the next moment you're not. You're dying! There is a drug, Naline Hydrochloride, which specifically acts to counteract heroin poisoning, but it's extremely hard to get and I've never seen it on the illegal drug market. What you can do, however, and which has consistently worked in my experience, is put one to one and a half teaspoons of ordinary table salt in one pint of ordinary cold water and then give the overdosee one c.c. of this solution intravenously. It will bring him back to consciousness within a couple of minutes—or if he's really gone and overdosed himself, at least it will get him breathing on his own again. I've never seen this method fail, but you really feel like shit for a long time afterwards. Think about putting salt water in your veins for awhile.

So there you have it: now you know just what to do if you O.D. on heroin, go out and shoot up to your heart's content, but remember: when you're a junkie that's all you are. All you'll ever do and all you'll ever think about is Junk, and that's a mighty empty way to live your life.

DOWNERS MAKE YOU DUMB

Downers? Are you fucking nuts? Contrary to any existing myths, barbiturates like seconal and tuinal and amytal and phenobarbital, are far worse than heroin. Sure, heroin gets you physically addicted and fucks you up as a person and eventually loses you all of your friends and ruins your life, but barbiturates NOT ONLY physically addict you but actively deteriorate your liver, your heart, and eventually your mind. I've seen a few old goofball artists in my time and I'm convinced that downers really do make you dumb. Heroin may fuck up your life, but downers will actively kill you. And kicking a barbiturate habit is far worse than kicking a heroin habit—you generally go into convulsions and people have been known to occasionally die in the process. So if you want to be dumb, and eventually dead, go ahead, get strung out on downers. Oh boy.

— Monterey Jack



WEED:

Good Mexican grass -- \$135-150 full pound
Bobby Kennedy, Jr. Special -- north side -- \$135/lb.
\$20/lid -- ruling class dope (you should have his connections if you're busted with it.
Ganga (alleged) -- dirty and expensive at \$25/lid; very good but it might not be worth the price.
Galena/Goose Lake overflow -- these festervilles had amazing amounts of tasty grass. Some of it has seeped back to the Hog Butcher. A best-buy at \$10/lid.
Bridlepath Brown -- large amounts of local weed ranging in quality from eh to feh. Kansas fields being defoliated by a la Vietnam, but the brotherhoods continue to deliver. \$75-100 a pound.

ACID:

Those purple dots still around -- good trip, but some report bad comedown -- \$125/100; \$2/hit.
Pink microdots -- 1/4 a tab'll do it -- \$250-300.
Strawberry doubledomes -- "really out of sight, the best acid I've had in my life," reports one fellow. \$2 a hit.
Sunshine -- the real stuff is righteous at \$2 a tab, but take a 1/4tab of this or any other acid before buying, to make sure you're not into speedy or poison drugs.
Berkeley Bombs -- advance reports say 'good' at \$2 apiece.

HASH: In short supply throughout the Midwest -- blond Lebanese still available for \$100/oz. (28 grams).

THC: We generally dismiss this stuff as PCP horse trunk, but rumor has it that there's some killer stuff around. \$150 for a vial with 135 hits, or \$2-3 a hit. Taste before you buy; there are 100 PCP's for every THC!

MDA: Most of what's available is SPEED !!

Feed Back

22nd Century Productions
70 W. Hubbard
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Bernie Cobb-Farber
The Seed

Dear Bernie:

I read your report of the Soldier Field Festival and ~~feel~~ your accounting is the only one which captured the mood of the day. However, I am really pissed off at your numerous distortions and totally false statements. The stories in the establishment press were far more accurate and you should be chastised for permitting that to happen. Perhaps you found it necessary, in order to make your points, to be a bad factual reporter. This does not say much for your writing ability.

For the record, I am listing your statements which were bullshit:

1. Mayor Daley's Reach Out "Pogrom" had no involvement whatsoever.
2. There were no searchers of picnic baskets or coolers and no one was turned back because of "suspicious" bundles.
3. The fence was 20 feet away from the music, not 20 yards as you stated. (I agree that it was too far away for no good reason).
4. It was Ron Brittain who addressed the crowd as "Brothers and Sisters", not Dick Biondi.
5. I checked with the people at Free City Music, and as of today, they haven't received the \$350 you said you would probably give them.

Besides being guilty of bad reporting, you are also guilty of straightism. Your expressed prejudice against any one who is not as sophisticated as yourself is just as disgusting to me as racism.

P.S. The cartoon which accompanied the story was great and I would appreciate finding out how I could get a reproduction for my office.

Best Regards
Dick Gassen

Reply to the above:

It's really hard to reconcile the idea of the article being "the only one which captured the mood of the day" and of "numerous distortions and totally false statements".

1) I had seen items in the daily press prior to the Soldiers Field event that tied it to the Reach Out gismo --- if that was incorrect, I apologize.

2) Picnic baskets WERE searched, people WERE turned away --- I saw it, so did lots of other people.

3) I didn't measure the distance from the fence to the music --- the point remains --- it was there for no good reason --- WHY?

4) On this you could be right. Dick Biondi, however, called up and asked for three copies of the article because his name was mentioned --- he saw nothing amiss.

5) We haven't sent the check to Free City Music because we haven't gotten the money from WCFL yet. We fully intend to. It would be awfully good if 22nd Century Productions which profits so heavily from Rock culture in the Chicago area, would match that contribution. How about it, Dick???

6) Lastly, I'm not sure of what you mean in your final paragraph --- no prejudice or arrogance towards any of the people in attendance was intended.

Bernie Farber

Dear Seed:

I see where Tex Ritter is running for Senator from Tennessee. With George Murphy in the Senate, the people will really get a song and dance if Tex is elected. Of course he is an ultra-conservative who defends the Fascists. He says that the Radical Right doesn't kill police. He's right, they limit themselves to civil-rights workers and blacks.

If you really want to do something socially constructive and pick up a little extra bread, I have it. Win the Nobel Peace Prize. Here is how --- end the religious strife in Northern Ireland. Suggest that they import a family of blacks. The Catholics and Protestants will stop fighting each other and start fighting the blacks. It worked in this country, didn't it?

Jim



The following is a selection of excerpts from some of the letters we've received about Grant Park ----

"Just got back from the legendary Grant Park Sly concert. Wow, what a drag. Not very together at all. No amount of police brutality (I saw none) justifies ripping each other off, does it? I saw several bands of "brothers" beating chicks, trying to rip off their purses, beating anyone that happened to have something they dug... Where the fuck are your heads? The concert was FREE so what was the hassle? I, like many others feel deep disgust and a sense of loss of what little togetherness we had. Wow, what a drag

Carol

....even Establishment types are starting to realize that: 1) Rock music (and wine) --- as well as grass --- can unite young people, whatever their backgrounds; 2) the pig is the common enemy of all young people; and 3) working together, the poeple can wield great power.

Unlike the Establishment, let's hope that Grant Park is just a start, not an end....

....After having my purse ripped off and almost being trampled by thousands of running and screaming bystanders, I returned home shaken, but safely. And real mad. Hundreds of bottles were thrown back and forth, and I split just as I got my first taste of tear-gas. After seeing this, I wonder, Black Brothers, what the fuck do you want? If you want to kill the pigs, do it on your own time, not at a music festival with thousands of innocent and unwilling people there.....

....You're upset because Sly was going to play and the people ruined it. I'm upset because recently two dead

in Kansas and one in Belfast have been added to the ever-growing list of casualties.....It is time for the people to take the initiative rather than wait for the pigs to do it when they're ready. The Grant Park action was an act of self-defense. The people have been attacked enough times, enough people have been murdered. The people are attacked every minute in millions of subtle and not-so-subtle ways. So you see, this action was justified. Possibly poorly timed, but justified.....

.....Where the voice of Woodstock held with his group and held his group together, ours threatened. He threatened 40,000 people and told them to shape up or no show. Thankfully, he was quickly succeeded by a guy who said "please", but the please-sayer didn't last long --- chased off by more threateners. You just can't threaten that many people.....

Family Stones and Bottles

for their wounded, a wire somewhere in the burning police car melts, and the air is shattered by the eerie wail of a ghostly siren. Somehow, there is a feeling that the gunfire and siren are signalling the end of Grant Park/1970, and we leave. Later, walking through the Loop, we see police carrying shotguns and learn that the people who refused to be pushed out of Grant Park took the long way home --- breaking Michigan Avenue and State Street windows as they went.

It was an exhilarating day, and it's going to be hard to forget the sight of 3,000 people refusing to be intimidated by the same police force that pushed them out of the same park two years earlier. If I'll have trouble forgetting it, I guess the cops will have an even harder time. They won't be able to isolate "leaders" from the "mob", because there were no leaders that day. The tactics were together because people were into surviving and because group action, not rhetoric, creates leadership. They won't be able to isolate "black militants" and "white revolutionaries" after witnessing a coalition of common action that threatens to break down the artificial barriers of gangs, neighborhoods and race that separate oppressed people and make repression easier.

What happened at Grant Park was that the police stuck their heads into a potentially ugly situation and focussed the anger of a hot, frustrated crowd upon themselves; the violent enforcers, of a rigged system; the symbol of the sort of repression that creates the ugly

situations. The city government stages circuses for the poor and oppressed, and then becomes righteously indignant when the people reject it; when they refuse to sit politely and wait for the clowns. If "bread and circuses" failed, is it any wonder that "pigs and circuses" was met with rocks and bottles. Is it any wonder that the people chose as their targets the very same group that patrols their streets with nightsticks and shotguns?

The only downer about Grant Park was that fighting pigs in a vacuum accomplishes nothing. The police should only be a target when they stand between the people and freedom; when they beat and arrest people to preserve the "order" of tyranny; when they block access to the REAL pigs. It's ironic that July 24th was the day that the "Chicago Plan" for getting black people jobs in the lily-white construction industry was exposed in the straight press as a total sham. Perhaps it would have been more appropriate to take those rocks and bottles to City Hall to serve notice that people aren't going to take any more bullshit, and that the identity of the real oppressors is known.

It was a drag that, until the police materialized, there was a real possibility of violence among the people. Now that we've fought on the same side, let's stay together and fight the real enemy.

Eliot

most girls are still inculcated with an obsolete Puritanism that no longer accurately reflects either the social norms not the necessities of the economic structure. When a girl becomes "independent," this older, repressive ideology is replaced by the new, improved, trendy, but equally manipulative, equally mystified, and equally destructive ideology of the "new morality," in which women are defined as sex objects even to themselves. One of the definitive statements of this ideology can be found in Cosmopolitan, June, 1969. It is an article by a female gynecologist, Barbara Bross, entitled "How to Love Like a Real Woman." Dr. Bross states:

Sexual abstinence in a normally constituted person is always pathogenic. [Translation: that means "getting sick."] We have been given sex organs to use them. If we don't use them, they decay and cause irreparable damage to body and mind. This is blunt, firm, indisputable, and true . . .

Woman is man's intermediary between himself and nature. He considers her as part of nature, though he will never say so, but that is what he feels. Her periods echo the rhythm of nature. Her ability to give birth makes her part of nature. She is the mother. She is the earth. She senses where he can only think or act. Woman is, man does. That is the strength and weakness of both sexes.

— Meredith Tax
(reprinted from Notes From the Second Year:
Women's Liberation)

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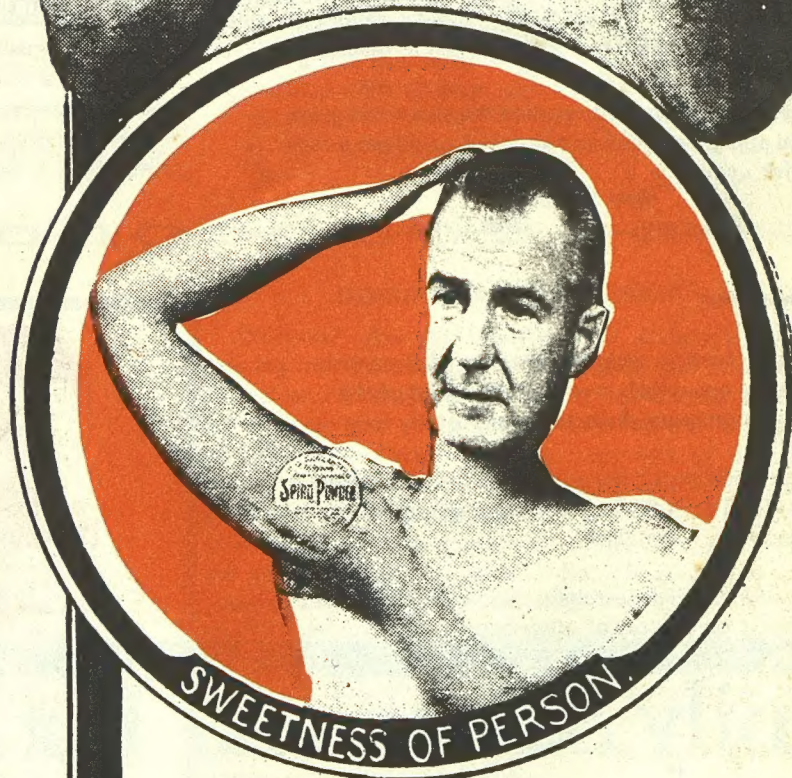
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